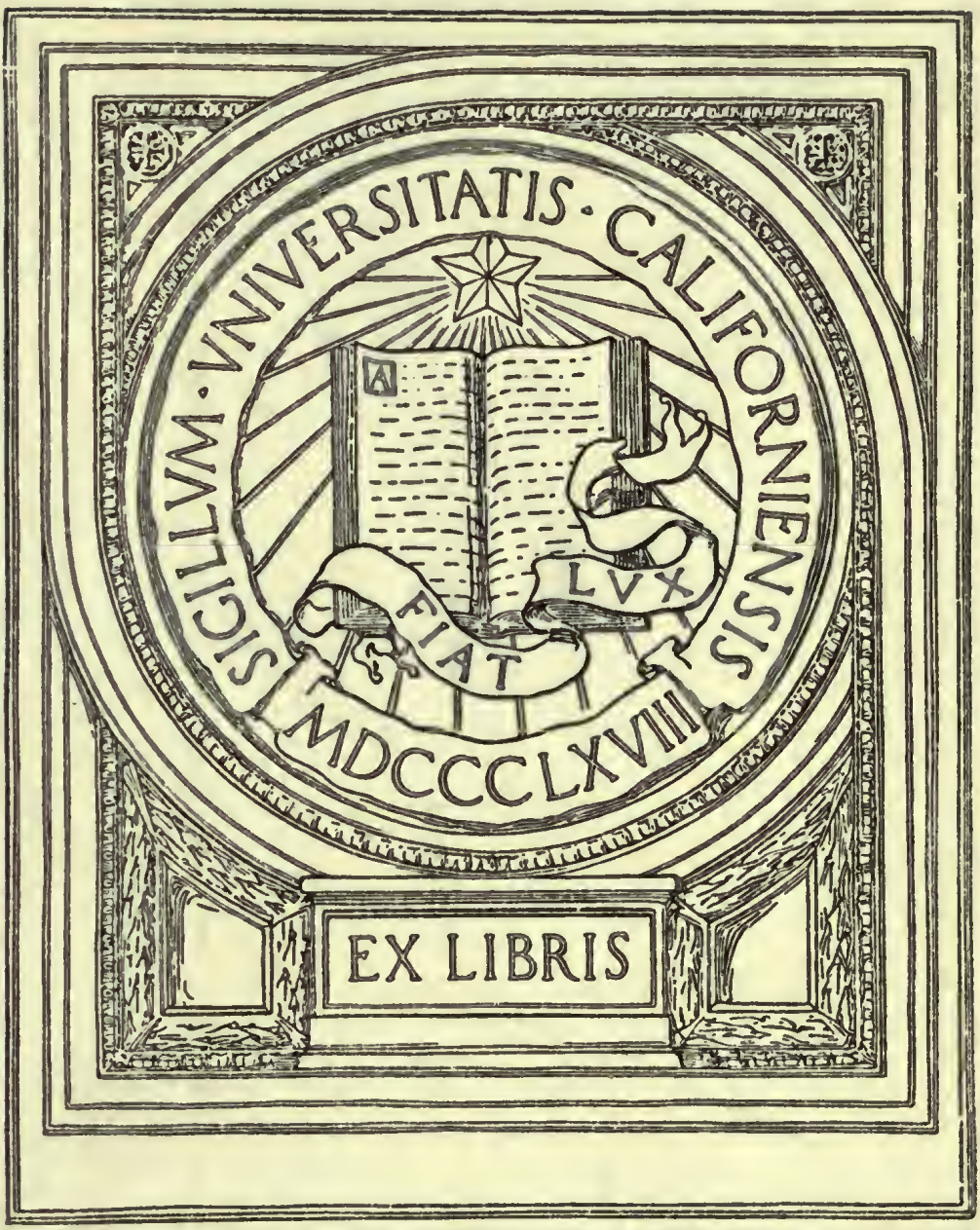
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THE

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in

PROSE AND VERSE.

Convinced, by the most strict observation, that the mind is embarrassed by a thousand extrinsic difficulties, and sensible that a numerous library is the seat of the greatest extravagancies and the most idle chimeras, we have made an election, by extracting the substance of numerous volumes, which we have included in small duodecimos; not unlike skilful chemists, who concentre the virtues of many plants in a small phial, and cast aside the refuse. Innumerable quantities of books are made; it is our business to collect the scattered and valuable parts. The ignorant babble eternally; the learned and sagacious speak little but *well.* *Mem. of* 2500.

viz

La Roche,	*Sarah Philips,*
Grateful Turk,	*Indian Cottage,*
Old Edwards,	*&c. &c. &c.*

Printed and sold by G. Nicholson Poughnill, near Ludlow.
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H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-row; Champante & Whitrow, Aldgate
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and all other Booksellers. 1804.

The precept, which is tedious in a formal essay, may acquire attractions in a tale, and the sober charms of truth be divested of their austerity by the graces of innocent fiction. *Speculator.*

MORAL TALES.

LA ROCHE;

WOLKMAR AND HIS DOG;

VERACITY OF A MOOR.

Printed and sold by G. Nicholson, Poughnill, near Ludlow.
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The Vignette in the Title-page was designed from the Story of "Wolkmar and his Dog," by Mr. W. M. Craig; the Tail-piece was also designed by the same artist, and both engraved on wood by Mr. R. Austin.

LA ROCHE.

BY HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQ.

An English philosopher, whose works have been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad; and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time. Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as Mr. H***'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are, in a great measure, extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness, being united, has become proverbial; and, in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and sensibility: but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain, that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence. One morning, while, he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a

M 3567

dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine (the village surgeon being then absent); and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat; and he followed his gouvernante to the sick man's apartment. 'T was the best in the little inn where they lay, but yet a paltry one. Mr. H*** was obliged to stoop as he entered. It was floored with earth; and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. H*** and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady being sensible of their having entered it. 'Mademoiselle!' said the old woman in a soft tone. She turned and shewed one of the finest of faces. It was touched, not spoiled, with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed it's expression. However, it was all sweetness; and our philosopher strongly felt it. It was not a time for *words;* he offered his *services.* 'Monsieur lies miserably ill here,' said the gouvernante; 'if he could possibly be moved any

where.' 'If he could be moved to our house,' said her master. He had a spare bed for a friend; and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could *look* scruples, tho' he could not *speak* them, were overcome; and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of it's use to her father. The sick man was wrapped in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after prescribed a little; and nature did much for him: in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche; a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed; and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned. He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all it's warmth, but with none of it's asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. H***, tho' he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she too was a heretic, in the phrase of the village. The philosopher walked out with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings. 'My master,' said the old woman, 'alas! he is not a Christian; but he is the best of unbelievers.' 'Not a Christian?' exclaimed Mademoiselle

La Roche; 'yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for it; I would he were a Christian!' 'There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,' said her father, 'which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation: hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former; because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation.' 'But Mr. H***,' said his daughter, 'alas! my father, he *shall* be a Christian before he dies.' She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. He took her hand with an air of kindness: she drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground; and left the room. 'I have been thanking God,' said the good La Roche, 'for my recovery.' 'That is right,' replied his landlord. 'I would not wish,' continued the old man, hesitatingly, 'to think otherwise: did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, perhaps, is not a real good: alas! I may live to wish I had died; that you had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. H***'s hand); but, when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment; my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him: it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure; and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror.' 'You say right, my dear sir,' replied the philosopher, 'but you are not re-established enough to talk much, you must take care of your health, and neither study

nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great inclination to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure.' La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father: for they really loved their landlord; not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard to him; their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them. They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with each other; and their friendship increased. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy or religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manners of the earliest times, with

the culture and accomplishments of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose in quiet, and has inclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, which spent it's fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house; and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood which covered it's sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. H*** enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent, his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose. They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling; but

La Roche took it in good part. 'It has pleased God,' said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words. It was now evening and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven; and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. 'That is the signal,' said he, 'for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us: if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books which may afford some entertainment within.' 'By no means,' answered the philosopher; 'I will attend Ma'moiselle at her devotions.' She is our organist,' said La Roche; 'our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing.' 'T is an additional inducement,' replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche: before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside; and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. H*** was no musician; but he was not altogether insensible to music: this fastened on his mind more strongly, from it's beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which

such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm; it paused; it ceased; and the sobbing of Ma'moiselle La Roche was heard in it's stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved; and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners catched the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot for a moment, to think why he should not. La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory; and his guest was averse from disputation: their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either, yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with it's force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awakened them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father who art in heaven!" might the good man say, for he felt it, and all mankind were his brethren.

'You regret, my friend,' said he to Mr. H*** 'when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music; you regret your want of musical powers and musical sensibility; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost deni-

ed you, but which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way; an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, I think I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing which I possess; and when calamities overtake me (and I have had my share) it confers a dignity on my affliction, and lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm; yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!' It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to disputation. With La Roche and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality or alternate advantage among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too, of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. H***, as a stranger, was shewn the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions, to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and some-

times shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid. 'They are not seen in Flanders!' said Ma'moiselle, with a sigh. 'That's an old remark,' said Mr. H***, smiling. She blushed; and he enquired no farther.

'T was with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence: and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them. About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or his enemies: when the latter drew their pens in controversy they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle com-

plaint of Mr. H***'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiselle La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired; and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died. Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen; and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, which struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road; and he found himself, at last, in view of the lake which

I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, which seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake; and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse, that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture. On Mr. H***'s making enquiry who was the person they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, 'Then you knew not Mademoiselle, sir? you never beheld a lovelier. 'La Roche?' exclaimed he in reply. 'Alas! it was she indeed!' The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom we talked. He came up closer to Mr. H***. I perceive, sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche.' 'Acquainted with her! Heavens! when—how—where did she die? Where is her father?' 'She died, sir, of heart-break, I believe: the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion; and to whom, before their quarrel he had done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian should: he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his

parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions; follow me, sir, and you shall hear him. He followed the man without answering. The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp, placed near him, threw it's light strongly on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs. The music ceased; La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. H*** was not less affected than they. La Roche arose. 'Father of mercies!' said he, 'forgive these tears: assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people! My friends! it is good so to do: at all seasons it is good; but, in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, "Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord." When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes men. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses sympathy, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, I cannot if I would, (his tears flow-

ed afresh) 'I feel too much myself; and I am not ashamed of my feelings: but therefore may I the more willingly be heard: therefore have I prayed to God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience; that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation. You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too! It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy; ye who are parents will judge of my felicity *then*, ye will judge also of my affliction *now*. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amid the chastening of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows; to pour it out with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and death; on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys; and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict! For we are not as those who die without hope: we know that our Redeemer liveth; that we shall live with him, with our friends, his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect. Go, then; mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: but a little while, and we shall meet again, never to be separated. But ye are also my children; would ye that I should grieve without comfort? So live as she lived; that when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his.' Such

was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost it's sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope. Mr. H*** followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit had ceased; at sight of him past scenes rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with tears. The other was equally affected; they went together in silence into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight. 'Oh! my friend!' said he; and his tears burst forth again. Mr. H*** had now recollected himself; he stept forward, and drew the curtains close; the old man wiped off his tears; and, taking his friend's hand, 'You see my weakness,' said he; 't is the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost.' 'I heard you,' said the other, in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is your's.' 'It is, my friend,' said he; 'and I trust I shall ever hold it fast. If there be any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is in calamity, and forbear to weaken it's force; if they cannot restore our happiness let them not take away the solace of our affliction.' Mr. H***'s heart was smitten; and I have heard him, long after, confess, that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amid all the pleasures of philosophic discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted. "Mirror," No. 42, 43, 44.

WOLKMAR AND HIS DOG:

BY N. DRAKE, M. D.

E' quanto à dir qual era, è cosa dura,
questa " valle" selvaggia ed aspra e forte
che nel pensier rinnuova la paura.—
Tanto è amara, che pocco è più morte:
ma per trattar del ben, ch' i vi trovai,
dirò del altre cose, ch' i v'ho scorte. Dante.

The place I know not, where I chanc'd to rove;
it was a vale so wild, it wounds me sore
but to remember with what ills I strove:
such still my dread, that death is little more.
But I will tell the good which there I found:
high things 't was there my fortune to explore.
Hayley.

It was evening, when Wolkmar and his dog, almost spent with fatigue, descended one of the mountains in Switzerland; the sun was dilated in the horizon, and threw a tint of rich crimson over the waters of a neighbouring lake; on each side rocks of varied form, their green heads glowing in the beam, were swarded with shrubs which hung feathering from their summits, and, at intervals, was heard the rushing of a troubled stream. Amid this scenery, our traveller, far from any habitation, wearied, and uncertain of the road, sought for some excavation in the rock, wherein he might repose himself; and having at length discovered such a situation, fell fast asleep upon some withered leaves. His dog sat watching at his feet; a small bundle of linen and a staff were placed beside him, and the red rays of the declining sun, having pierced through the shrubs which concealed the retreat, gleamed on the languid features of his beloved master. And long be thy rest, O Wolkmar! may sleep sit pleasant on thy soul! Unhappy man! war

hath estranged thee from thy native village; war, unnatural war; snatched thee from thy Fanny and her infant. Where art thou, best of wives? thy Wolkmar lives! 't was error spread his death. Thou fledd'st; thy beauty caught the eye of power; thou fledd'st with thy infant and thy aged father. Unhappy woman! thy husband seeks thee over the wilds of Switzerland. Long be thy rest, O Wolkmar! may sleep sit pleasant on thy soul! Yet not long did Wolkmar rest; starting, he beheld the dog, who seizing his coat, had shook it with violence; and having thoroughly awakened him, whining, licked his face, and sprang through the thicket. Wolkmar, eagerly following, discerned at some distance a man gently walking down the declivity of the opposite hill, and his own dog running with full speed towards him. The sun yet threw athwart the vale, rays of a blood-red hue, the sky was overcast, and a few big round drops rustled through the drooping leaves. Wolkmar sat down, the dog now fawned upon the man, then bounding, ran before him. The curiosity of Wolkmar was roused, he rose to meet the stranger, who, as he drew near, appeared very old, his steps scarcely supported with a staff; a blue mantle was wrapped around him, and his hair and beard white as snow, which waving to the breeze of the hill, came from beneath a dark cloud, deeply crimsoned by the setting sun. The dog now ran wagging his tail, first to his master, and then to the stranger, leaping upon each with marks of the utmost rapture, till, too rudely expressing his joy, the old man tottering fell, at the foot of a blasted beech, which stood at the bottom of the hill. Wolkmar hastened to his relief, and had just reached the spot, when start-

ing back, he exclaimed, 'My father! O my father!' Gothre, for so the old man was called, saw and knew his son; a smile of ecstasy lighted up his features, a hectic flushed his cheek, his eyes beamed transport through the waters that suffused them, and stretching forth his arms, he faintly uttered, 'My beloved son!' Nature could effect no more: the bloom upon his withered cheek fled quickly away, the dewy lustre of his eyes grew dim, the throbbing of his heart oppressed him, and straining Wolkmar with convulsive energy, the last long breath of aged Gothre fled cold across the cheek of his son. The night grew dark and unlovely, the moon struggled to appear, and by fits her pale light streamed across the lake. A silence deep and terrible prevailed, unbroken but by a cold shriek, that at intervals died along the valley. Wolkmar lay entranced upon the dead body of his father, the dog stood motionless by his side; but at last alarmed, he licked their faces, and pulled his master by the coat, till having in vain endeavoured to awaken them, he ran howling dreadfully along the valley; the demon of the night trembled on his hill of storms, and the rocks returned a deepening echo. Wolkmar at last awoke, a cold sweat trickled over his forehead, every muscle shook with horror, and, kneeling by the body of Gothre, he wept aloud. 'Where is my Fanny,' he exclaimed, 'good old man, where shall I find her? oh! that thou hadst told me she yet lived! if alive, she must be near: yet the night is dark, and these mountains are unknown to me.' As he spoke, the illumined edge of a cloud shone on the face of Gothre, a smile yet dwelt upon his features; 'Smilest thou, my father?' said Wolkmar, 'I feel it at my heart; all shall yet be well.' The night again

grew dark, and Wolkmar, retiring a few paces from his father, threw himself upon the ground. He had not continued many minutes in this situation, before the distant sound of voices struck his ear: they seemed to issue from different parts of the valley, and two or three evidently approached the spot where Gothre lay; the name of Gothre was at length loudly repeated, and Gothre! Gothre! mournfully ran from rock to rock. Wolkmar, starting from the ground, sighed with anxiety, and, leaning forward, he listened with fearful apprehension, but the beating of his heart appalled him. The dog who, at first alarmed, had crept to his master's feet, began now to bark with vehemence; suddenly the voices ceased, and Wolkmar thought he heard the soft and quick tread of people approaching. At this moment the moon burst from behind a dark cloud, and shone full on the dead body of Gothre. A shrill shriek pierced the air, and a young woman rushing forward fell on the body of Gothre. 'Oh, my Billy!' she exclaimed to a little boy, who ran up to her, out of breath, 'see your beloved Gothre! he is gone for ever; gone to heaven and left us. O my poor child! (clasping the boy, who cried most bitterly) what shall we do without him, what will become of us, we will die also, my Billy! Gothre is gone to your own dear father, and they are both happy yonder, my Billy,' pointing to the moon. Wolkmar, in the mean time, stood enveloped with shade, his arms stretched out, motionless, and fixed in silent astonishment; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he faintly and with difficulty uttered, 'My Fanny! my child!' His accents reached her ear; she sprang wildly from the ground; 'It is my Wolkmar's spirit,' she exclaimed. The sky instantly clear-

ed all around, and Wolkmar himself burst upon her sight. They rushed together; she fainted. 'God of mercies!' cried Wolkmar, 'if thou wilt not drive me mad, restore her to life: she breathes; I thank thee, O my God, she breathes! the wife of Wolkmar lives!' Fanny recovering, felt the warm embrace of her beloved husband; 'Dear, dear Wolkmar,' she faintly whispered, 'Thy Fanny—I cannot speak; my Wolkmar, I am too happy; see our Billy!' The boy had crept close to his father, and was clasping him round the knees. The tide of affection rushed impetuously through the bosom of Wolkmar, 'it presses on my heart,' he said, 'I cannot bear it.' The domestics, whom Fanny had brought with her, crowded round: 'Let us kneel,' said Wolkmar, 'round the body of aged Gothre:' they knelt around, the moon shone sweetly on the earth; the spirit of Gothre passed by; he saw his children, and was happy.

"Literary Hours," No. 5.

VERACITY OF A MOOR.

BY T. PERCIVAL, M. D.

A Spanish cavalier, having assassinated a Moorish gentleman, instantly fled from justice. He was vigorously pursued; but availing himself of a sudden turn in the road, he leaped, unperceived, over a garden wall. The proprietor, who was also a Moor, happened to be at that time walking in the garden, the Spaniard fell upon his knees before him, acquainted him with his case, and in the most pathetic manner, implored concealment. The Moor listened to him with compassion, and generously promised his assistance. He then locked him in a summer house, and left him, with an assurance that, when night approached, he would provide for his escape. A few hours afterwards, the dead body of his son was brought to him; and the description of the murderer exactly agreed with the appearance of the Spaniard, whom he had then in custody. He concealed the horror and suspicion which he felt; and, retiring to his chamber remained there till midnight. Then going privately into the garden, he opened the door of the summer-house, and thus accosted the cavalier. 'Christian,' said he, 'the youth whom you have murdered, was my only son. Your crime merits the severest punishment. But I have solemnly pledged my word for your security; and I disdain to violate even a rash engagement with a cruel enemy.' He conducted the Spaniard to the stables, and furnishing him with one

of his swiftest mules, 'Fly,' said he, 'while the darkness of the night conceals you. Your hands are polluted with blood; but God is just; and I humly thank him that my faith is unspotted, and that I have resigned judgment unto him.'

"A Father's Instructions."

CONTENTS.

La Roche, - - - - - page 3
Wolkmar and his Dog, - - - 18
The Veracity of a Moor, - - - 23

G. Nicholson, Poughnill.

MORAL TALES.

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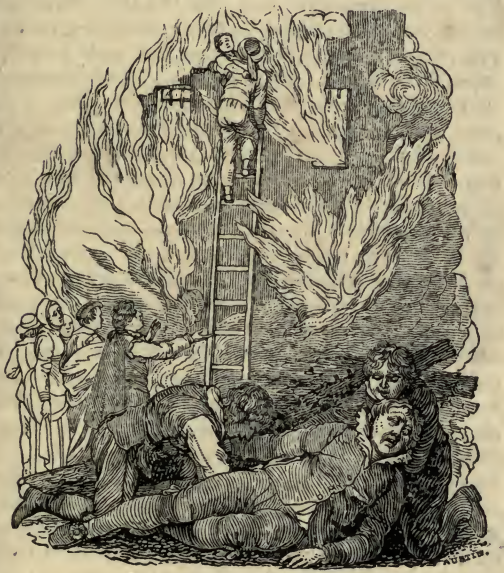
THE GRATEFUL TURK;
ANDROCLES AND THE LION;
THE HORSE;
PHILLIS AND DAMARIS.



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The Vignette, in the title-page, was designed from the Story of "The Grateful Turk" page 8, by Mr. W. M. Craig, and engraved on wood by Mr. R. Austun.

THE GRATEFUL TURK.

BY THOMAS DAY, ESQ.

It is much to be lamented that different nations frequently make bloody wars with each other: and when they take any of their enemies prisoners, instead of using them well, and restoring them to liberty, they confine them in prisons, or sell them as slaves. The enmity which there has often been between many of the Italian states, particularly the Venetians and the Turks, is sufficiently known. It once happened that a Venetian ship had taken many of the Turks prisoners, and according to the barbarous customs I have mentioned, these unhappy men had been sold to different persons in the city. By accident one of the slaves lived opposite to the house of a rich Venetian, who had an only son, of about the age of twelve years. It happened that this little boy used frequently to stop as he passed near Hamet, for that was the name of the slave, and gaze at him very attentively. Hamet, who remarked in the face of the child the appearance of good-nature and compassion, used always to salute him with the greatest courtesy, and testified the greatest pleasure in his company. At length the little boy took such a liking to the slave, that he used to visit him several times in the day, and brought him such little presents as he had in his power to make, and which he thought would be of use to him. But tho' Hamet seemed always to take the greatest delight in the innocent caresses of his little friend, yet the child could not help remarking that Hamet was frequent-

ly extremely sorrowful, and he often surprised him on a sudden when tears were trickling down his face, altho' he did his utmost to conceal them. The little boy was at length so much affected with the repetition of this sight that he spoke of it to his father, and begged him, if he had it in his power, to make poor Hamet happy. The father, who was extremely fond of his son, and besides had observed that he seldom requested any thing which was not generous and humane, determined to see the Turk himself and talk to him. Accordingly he went to him the next day, and observing him for some time in silence, was struck with the extraordinary appearance of mildness and honesty which his countenance discovered. At length he said to him, 'Are you that Hamet of whom my son is so fond, and of whose gentleness and courtesy I have so often heard him talk?' 'Yes,' said the Turk, 'I am that unfortunate Hamet, who have now been for three years a captive; during that space of time, your son, if you be his father, is the only human being who seems to have felt any compassion for my sufferings; therefore, I must confess, he is the only object to which I am attached in this barbarous country; and night and morning I pray that Power, who is equally the God of Turks and Christians, to grant him every blessing he deserves, and to preserve him from all the miseries I suffer.' 'Indeed, Hamet,' said the merchant, 'he is much obliged to you, altho' from his present circumstances, he does not appear much exposed to danger. But tell me, for I wish to do you good, in what can I assist you? My son informs me that you are the prey of continual regret and sorrow.' 'Is it wonderful,' answered the Turk, with a glow of

generous indignation which suddenly animated his countenance, 'is it wonderful that I should pine in silence, and mourn my fate, who am bereft of the first and noblest present of nature, my liberty?' 'And yet,' answered the Venetian, 'how many thousands of our nation do you retain in fetters?' 'I am not answerable,' said the Turk, 'for the cruelty of my countrymen, more than you are for the barbarity of your's. But as to myself, I have never practised the inhuman custom of enslaving my fellow-creatures; I have never spoiled Venetian merchants of their property to increase my riches; I have always respected the rights of nature, and therefore it is the more severe.' Here a tear started from his eye and wetted his manly cheek: instantly, however, he recollected himself; folding his arms upon his bosom, and gently bowing his head, he added, 'God is good, and man must submit to his decrees.' The Venetian was affected with this appearance of manly fortitude, and said, 'Hamet, I pity your sufferings, and may perhaps be able to relieve them. What would you do to regain your liberty?' 'What would I do?' answered Hamet; 'by the eternal majesty of Heaven, I would confront every pain and danger which can appal the heart of man.' 'Nay,' answered the merchant, 'you will not be exposed to such a trial. The means of your deliverence are certain, provided your courage does not belie your appearance.' 'Name them! name them!' cried the impatient Hamet; 'place death before me in every horrid shape, and if I shrink'——'Patience,' answered the merchant, 'we shall be observed. But hear me attentively. I have in this city an inveterate foe, who has heaped upon me every injury which can

most bitterly sting my heart. This man is brave as he is haughty, and I must confess that the dread of his strength and valour has hitherto deterred me from resenting his insults as they deserve. Now, Hamet, your look, your form, your words, convince me, that you were born for manly daring. Take this dagger; as soon as the shades of night involve the city, I will myself conduct you to the place, where you may at once revenge your friend, and regain your freedom.' At this proposal, scorn and shame flashed from the kindling eye of Hamet, and passion for a considerable time deprived him of the power of utterance; at length he lifted his arm as high as his chains would permit, and cried with an indignant tone, 'Mighty Prophet! and are these the wretches to which you permit your faithful votaries to be enslaved? Go, base Christian, and know that Hamet would not stoop to the vile trade of an assassin, for all the wealth of Venice! no! not to purchase the freedom of all his race!' At these words, the merchant, without seeming much abashed, told him he was sorry he had offended him, but that he thought freedom had been dearer to him than he found it was. 'However,' added he, as he turned his back, you will reflect on my proposal, and perhaps by to-morrow you may change your mind.' Hamet disdained to answer, and the merchant went his way. The next day, however, he returned in company with his son, and mildly accosted Hamet thus: 'The abruptness of the proposal I yesterday made, might perhaps astonish you; but I am now come to discourse the matter more calmly with you, and I doubt not, when you have heard my reasons'——'Christian,' interruped Hamet,

with a severe but composed countenance, 'cease at length to insult the miserable with proposals more shocking than even these chains. If thy religion permit such acts as those, know that they are execrable and abominable to the soul of every Mahometan; therefore, from this moment let us break off all farther intercourse, and be strangers to each other.' 'No,' answered the merchant, flinging himself into the arms of Hamet, 'let us from this moment be more closely linked than ever! Generous man! whose virtues may at once disarm and enlighten thy enemies! Fondness for my son first made me interested in thy fate; but from the moment that I saw thee yesterday, I determined to set thee free; therefore pardon me this unnecessary trial of thy virtue, which has only raised thee higher in my esteem. Francisco has a soul which is as averse to deeds of treachery and blood as even Hamet himself. From this moment, generous man, thou art free; thy ransom is already paid, with no other obligation than that of remembering the affection of this thy young and faithful friend; and, perhaps, hereafter, when thou seest an unhappy Christian groaning in Turkish fetters, thy generosity may make thee think of Venice. It is impossible to describe the ecstasies or the gratitude of Hamet at this unexpected deliverance. I will not therefore attempt to repeat what he said to his benefactors: I will only add, that he was that day set free, and Francisco embarked him on board a ship which was going to one of the Grecian islands, took leave of him with the greatest tenderness, and forced him to accept a purse of gold to pay his expenses. Nor was it without the greatest regret that Hamet parted from his young friend, whose disinterested kindness

had thus produced his freedom; he embraced him with an agony of tenderness, wept over him at parting, and prayed for every blessing upon his head.

It was about six months after this transaction, that a sudden fire burst forth in the house of this generous merchant. It was early in the morning, when sleep is most profound, and none of the family perceived it till almost the whole building was involved in flames. The frighted servants had just time to waken the merchant and hurry him down stairs; and the instant he was down, the stair-case itself gave way, and sunk with a horrid crash into the midst of the fire. But if Francisco congratulated himself for an instant upon his escape it was only to resign himself immediately after to the most deep despair, when he found, upon enquiry, that his son, who slept in an upper apartment had been neglected in the general tumult, and was nearly surrounded by the flame. No words can describe the father's agony; he would have rushed headlong into the fire, but was restrained by his servants; he then raved in an agony of grief, and offered half his fortune, to the intrepid man who would risk his life to save his child. As Francisco was known to be immensely rich, several ladders were in an instant raised, and several daring spirits, incited by the vast reward, attempted the adventure. The violence of the flames, however, which continued to increase, together with the ruins which fell on every side, drove them all back; and the unfortunate youth, who now appeared upon the battlements, stretching out his arms, and imploring aid, seemed to be destined to certain destruction. The unhappy father now lost all perception, and sunk down in a state of insensibility; when, in this dreadful moment of general suspense

and agony, a man rushed through the opening crowd, mounted the tallest of the ladders, with an intrepidity which shewed he was resolved to succeed or perish, and instantly diappeared. A sudden addition of smoke and flame broke out immediately after, which made the people imagine he was lost; when, on a sudden, they beheld him emerge with the child in his arms, and descend the ladder without any material damage. An universal shout of applause now resounded to the skies; but what words can give an adequate idea of the father's feelings, when, upon recovering his senses, he found his darling preserved, and safe within his arms? After the first effusions of his tenderness were over, he asked for his deliverer, and was shewn a man of a noble stature, but dressed in mean attire, and his features were so begrimed with smoke and filth, that it was impossible to distinguish them. Francisco, however, accosted him with courtesy, and presenting him with a purse of gold, begged he would accept of that for the present, and that the next day he should receive to the utmost of his promised reward. 'No,' answered the stranger, 'generous merchant, I do not sell my blood.' 'Gracious heavens!' cried the merchant, 'sure I should know that voice! It is'—'Yes', exclamed the son, throwing himself into the arms of his deliverer, 'it is my Hamet!' It was indeed Hamet who stood before them, in the same mean attire which he had worn six months before, when first the generosity of the merchant had redeemed him from slavery. Nothing could equal the astonishment and gratitude of Francisco, but as they were then surrounded by a large concourse of people, he desired Hamet to go with him to the house of one of his friends, and

when they were alone he embraced him tenderly, and asked by what extraordinary chance he had thus been enslaved a second time; adding a kind reproach for his not informing him of his captivity. I bless God for that captivity, answered Hamet, since it has given me an opportunity of shewing that I was not altogether undeserving of your kindness and of preserving the life of that dear youth. But it is now fit that my generous patron should be informed of the whole truth. Know then, that when the unfortunate Hamet was taken by your gallies, his aged father shared his captivity: it was his fate which so often made me shed those tears which first attracted the notice of your son; and when your unexampled bounty had set me free, I flew to find the Christian who had purchased him. I represented to him that I was young and vigorous, while he was aged and infirm: I added too the gold which I had received from your bounty: in a word, I prevailed upon the Christian to send back my father in that ship which was intended for me, without acquainting him with the means of his freedom; since that time I have staid here to discharge the dept of nature and of gratitude, a willing slave.' When Hamet had thus finished his story, the Venetian was astonished at the virtue and elevation of his mind; and after saying every thing which his gratitude and admiration suggested, he concluded, with pressing him to accept the half of his fortune, and to settle in Venice for the remainder of his life. This offer Hamet refused, with the greatest respect but with a generous disdain; and told his friend, that in what he had done, he had only discharged a debt of gratitude and friendship. 'You were,' said he 'my generous benefac-

tor; you had a claim upon my life by the benefit you had already conferred: that life would have been well bestowed, had it been lost in your service; but since Providence has otherwise decreed, it is a sufficient recompense to me to have proved that Hamet is not ungrateful, and to have been instrumental to the preservation of your happiness.

But tho' the disinterestedness of Hamet made him under-rate his own exertions, the merchant could not remain contented, without shewing his gratitude by all the means within his power. He therefore once more purchased the freedom of Hamet, and freighted a ship on purpose to send him back to his own country; he and his son then embraced him with all the affection which gratitude could inspire, and bade him, as they thought, an eternal adieu.

Many years had now elasped since the departure of Hamet into his own country, without their seeing him, or receiving any intelligence from him. In the mean time, the young Francisco, the son of the merchant, grew up to manhood, and as he had acquired every accomplishment which tends to improve the mind, or form the manners, added to an excellent disposition, he was generally beloved and esteemed.

It happened that some business about this time made it necessary for him and his father to go to a neighbouring maritime city, and as they thought a passage by sea would be more expeditious, they both embarked in a Venetian vessel, which was on the point of sailing to that place. They set sail, therefore, with favourable winds, and every appearance of a happy passage; but they had not proceeded more than half their intended voyage, before a Turkish corsair, a ship purposely fitted out for war, was

seen bearing down upon them, and as the enemy exceeded them much in swiftness, they soon found that it was impossible to escape. The greater part of the crew belonging to the Venetian vessel, was struck with consternation, and seemed already overcome by fear; but the young Francisco, drawing his sword, reproached his comrades with their cowardice, and so effectually encouraged them, that they determined to defend their liberty by a desperate resistance. The Turkish vessel now approached them in awful silence; but in an instant the dreadful noise of the artillery was heard, and the heavens were obscured with smoke intermixed with transitory flashes of fire. Three times did the Turks leap, with horrid shouts, upon the deck of the Venetian vessel, and three times were they driven back by the desperate resistance of the crew, headed by young Francisco. At length, the slaughter of their men was so great, that they seemed disposed to discontinue the fight, and were actually taking another course. The Venetians beheld their flight with the greatest joy, and were congratulating each other on their successful valour and merited escape, when two more ships on a sudden appeared in sight, bearing down upon them with incredible swiftness before the wind. Every heart was now chilled with new terrors, when on their nearer approach they discovered the fatal ensigns of their enemies, and knew that there was no longer any possibility either of resistance or escape. They therefore lowered their flag, the sign of surrendering their ship, and in an instant saw themselves in the power of their enemies, who came pouring in on every side with the rage and violence of beasts of prey.

All that remained alive of the brave Venetian crew

were loaded with fetters, and closely guarded in the hold of the ship till it arrived at Tunis. They were then brought out in chains, and exposed in the public market to be sold for slaves. They had there the mortification to see their companions picked out, one by one, according to their apparent strength and vigour, and sold to different masters. At length a Turk approached, who, from his look and habit, appeared to be of superior rank, and after glancing his eye over the rest with an expression of compassion he fixed them at last upon young Francisco, and demanded of the captain of the ship what was the price of that young man? The captain answered, that he would not take less than five hundred pieces of gold for that captive. 'That,' said the Turk, is very extraordinary, since I have seen you sell those who much exceed him in vigour for less than a fifth part of that sum.' 'Yes,' answered the captain, 'but he shall either pay me some part of the damage he has occasioned, or labour for life at the oar.' 'What damage,' answered the other, 'can he have done you more than all the rest, whom you have prized so cheaply?' 'He it was,' replied the captain, 'who animated the Christians to that desperate resistance which cost me the lives of so many of my brave sailors. Three times did we leap upon their deck, with a fury which seemed irresistible; and three times did that youth attack us with such cool, determined opposition that we were obliged to retreat ingloriously, leaving at every charge twenty of our number behind. Therefore, I repeat it, I will either have that price for him, great as it may appear, or else I will gratify my revenge by seeing him drudge for life in my victorious galley.' At this, the

Turk examined young Francisco with new attention; and he, who had hitherto fixed his eyes upon the ground in sullen silence, now lifted them up, but scarcely had he beheld the person who was talking to the captain, ere he uttered a loud cry, and repeated the name of Hamet. The Turk with equal emotion, surveyed him for a moment, and then catching him in his arms, embraced him with the transports of a parent who unexpectedly recovers a long lost child.

It is unnecessary to repeat all which gratitude and affection inspired Hamet to say; but when he heard that his ancient benefactor was among the number of those unhappy Venetians who stood before him, he hid his face for a moment under his vest, and seemed overwhelmed with sorrow and astonishment; when recollecting himself he raised his arms to Heaven, and blessed that providence which had made him the instrument of safety to his ancient benefactor. He then instantly flew to that part of the market were Francisco stood waiting for his fate, with a manly, mute despair. He called him his friend, his benefactor, and every endearing name which friendship and gratitude could inspire, and ordering his chains to be instantly taken off, he conducted him and his son to a magnificent house which belonged to him in the city. As soon as they were alone, and had time for an explanation of their mutual fortunes, Hamet told the Venetians, that when he was set at liberty by their generosity, and restored to his country, he had accepted a command in the Turkish armies; and that having had the good fortune to distinguish himself on several occasions, he had gradually been promoted, through various offices, to the dignity of Bashaw of Tunis. 'Since I have en-

joyed this post,' added he, 'there is nothing which I find in it so agreeable as the power it gives me of alleviating the misfortunes of those unhappy Christians who are taken prisoners by our corsairs. Whenever a ship arrives which brings with it any of these sufferers, I constantly visit the markets, and redeem a certain number of the captives, whom I restore to liberty. And gracious Allah has shewn that he approves of these faint endeavours to discharge the sacred duties of gratitude for my own redemption, by putting it in my power to serve the best and dearest of men.' Ten days were Francisco and his son entertained in the house of Hamet, during which time he put in practice every thing within his power to please and interest them; but when he found that they were desirous of returning home, he told them that he would no longer detain them from their country, but that they should embark the next day, in a ship which was setting sail for Venice. Accordingly, on the morrow, he dismissed them with many embraces and much reluctance, and ordered a chosen party of his own guards to conduct them on board their vessel. When they arrived there, their joy and admiration were considerably encreased on finding that, by the generosity of Hamet, not only the ship which had been taken, but the whole crew were redeemed, and restored to freedom. Francisco and his son embarked, and, after a favourable voyage, arrived, without accident, in their own country, were they lived many years respected and esteemed, continually mindful of the vicissitudes of human affairs, and attentive to discharge their duties to their fellow-creatures.

"Sandford and Merton."

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

Androcles was the slave of a procunsul of Africa. He had unfortunately been guility of a crime for which he was sentenced to die. He however found an opportunity of escape, which he effected at midnight, and fled into the deserts of Numidia. Wandering through a vast and trackless forest, his flesh torn by thorns and brambles, hungry, and exhausted by fatigue, he entered a cavern, which he acidentally discovered, and threw himself on the ground in despair. He had not remained long in this situation, before he was roused by a dreadful noise, which he thought was the roar of some beast of prey. He started up in terror, and with an intention to fly; but on advancing to the entrance of the cave, he beheld a prodigious lion which entirely prevented a possibility of escape. The unfortunate Androcles now believed his destruction inevitable; but to his great astonishment the beast approached towards him with a gentle pace, without any indication of enmity or rage, uttering a mournful noise, as if he demanded some assistance. Androcles, who was naturally of a courageous disposition, immediately recovered firmness sufficient to examine his tremendous visitant. The lion, with a limping pace, approached him, and began immediately to lick the hand of Androcles, holding up a very large and swelled paw. Acquiring still more fortitude from the gentle behaviour of the beast, he laid hold of his paw, and perceived a very large thorn had penetrated deeply into the ball of the foot. Androcles finding the lion received this famili-

arity with the greatest satisfaction, he proceeded to extract the thorn, and afterwards, by a gentle compression, discharged a considerable quantity of matter, which had been the cause of much uneasiness and pain. As soon as the lion found himself thus relieved, he began to express his joy and gratitude, by jumping about like a young cat, by wagging his enormous tail, and licking the hands and feet of his surgeon. Nor were these demonstrations of kindness all he expressed. He sallied forth in quest of prey, and brought home the produce of his chace, sharing it with his friend. In this savage state of hospitality and frightful solitude, did Androcles live, during the space of several months. At length, wandering unguardedly in the woods, he met some soldiers, by whom he was apprehended, and conveyed a prisoner to his master. The proconsul of Africa was at that time collecting the largest lions which could be found, in order to send them as a present to Rome, for the purpose of furnishing a show to the people. The proconsul ordered that his refractory slave should be sent at the same time, and that he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre. A lion for this savage exhibition was kept several days without food; and when the destined moment arrived, the unfortunate man was exposed unarmed in the middle of a spacious area, inclosed on every side, around which many thousands of spectators had assembled to be amused by the mournful spectacle. At length a huge lion darted from his place of confinement, and advanced furiously towards the man. All eyes were turned upon the destined victim, whose destruction was instantly expected. But the pity of the multitude was con-

verted into astonishment, on beholding the lion crouch submissively at his feet, fawn on him like a faithful dog, and caress him as a long lost and dearly loved friend. Androcles immediately discovered in the lion his old Numidian companion, and renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were surprising. The governor of the town was present, who beholding one of the fiercest and most unrelenting of animals forget his disposition and become harmless and inoffensive, ordered Androcles to explain the unintelligible mystery. Androcles then related every circumstance of his adventures in the forest. Every one present was delighted with the story, and unanimously joined to entreat of the governor the pardon of the unhappy man, which he immediately granted, and directed also that the lion should be given up to him.

This story is said to have been related by Aulus Gellius, and extracted by him out of Dion Cassius, who saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people repeating to each other, "Hic est leo hospes hominis, hic est homo medicus leonis. This is the lion who was the man's host; this is the man who was the lion's physician."

THE HORSE.

BY THOMAS PERCIVAL, M. D.

In the month of June, Lucy, Emilia, and Jacobus, were carried by Hortensia to view the crowds of company as they passed to the races, which are annually held upon Kersal Moor, near Manchester. The variety of countenances which they saw; the mirth of some, the eagerness of others, and the dissipation of all, furnished a delightful entertainment to their young minds, unalloyed by any reflections on the extravagance, gambling, and intemperance which such diversions produce. While they were enjoying this scene of pleasure, they observed two men advancing on a full gallop, spurring and lashing their horses to increase their speed. The day was extremely hot, and one of the horses fell, gasping, almost at the feet of Jacobus. The rider, by his agility, instantly freed himself from the stirrups; and rising with fury from the ground, be beat his horse in the most savage and relentless manner. The poor animal was unable to move; and, at every stroke of the whip, expressed his agonies by the most piercing groans. In vain the surrounding crowd interceded in his behalf. The tyrant, to whom he belonged, inflamed with anger and revenge, continued inexorable; and Hortensia withdrew, with her young charge, from a spectacle so painful and distressing. When Euphronius returned to Hart-Hill, in the evening, his children flocked around him, impatient to relate this tale of woe. 'I know and pity the unhappy horse,' said he; 'and if you will listen to me, I will give you the particulars of his history.

The sire of this animal was a native of Arabia Felix, where he ranged without control, in the most fertile and extensive plains, enjoying all the luxuries of nature. He was the leader of a herd, which consisted of more than five hundred of his species; and thus supported by the united force of numbers, no beast of the forest durst attack him. When his followers slept he stood as sentinel, to give notice of approaching danger; and if an Arab happened to advance, he sometimes walked up boldly towards him, as if to examine his strength, or to intimidate him; then instantly he gave the signal to his fellows, by a loud snorting, and the whole herd fled with the swiftness of the wind. In one of these flights he was taken by a trap concealed upon the ground; which entangling his feet made him an easy prey to the hunter. He was carried to Constantinople; sold to the British envoy there; and brought by him into England, to improve our breed of horses. His first colt was the poor animal whose sufferings you now lament, and whom I remember to have seen gay, frolicsome, and happy. He was fed in a large pasture, where he used to gallop round and round; trying every active movement of his limbs, and increasing his strength and agility by those gambols and exercises, which jocund nature in early youth inspires. Thus passed the first period of his life; but now his state of servitude and misery commenced. To render him more tame and passive, a painful operation was performed upon him by which the size and firmness of his muscles were impared, his spirit was depressed, and he lost, with the distinction of his sex, one essential power of usefulness and enjoyment. Nature had furnished him with a flowing

tail, which was at once an ornament, a covering for that which should be concealed, and a weapon of defence against the flies of summer. But false taste decreed the extirpation of it; and several joints were taken off by a coarse instrument and blundering farrier. The blood gushed from the wound; and, to stop the discharge, the tender part was seared with a red hot iron. At this instant of time I happened to pass by; and while I was pierced to the heart with the sufferings of the horse, I saw the savage who inflicted them, suspend this operation to curse and beat him for the groans he uttered. When the tail was thus reduced to a ridiculous shortness, it was thought that a turn upwards would give additional grace to it: and to produce this effect, several deep cuts were made on the under side; and the tail was drawn up by a cord and pulley into a most painful position, till the granulation of the flesh was completed. He was now trained, or broken, as it is usually termed, for riding; and during this season of discipline, he underwent all the severities of the lash and the spur. Many a time were his sides covered with blood, before his aversion to the ass could be fully subdued. The dread of this animal he derived from his sire; for in the state of nature the ass and the horse bear the utmost antipathy to each other; and if a horse happen to stray into the pastures where the wild asses graze, they attack him with fury; and, surrounding him, to prevent his flight, they bite and kick him till he dies. When rendered perfectly tractable, he was sold to the present proprietor, whom he has faithfully and affectionately served during ten years. He has been a companion to him in various journeys; has borne him with

ease and security many thousands of miles; has contributed to restore him from sickness to health, by the gentle exercise which he afforded; and by the swiftness of his feet, he has twice rescued him from robbers and assassins. But he is now growing old his joints become stiff; his wind fails him; and, urged beyond his speed, on so sultry a day, he fell breathless at your feet. In a few hours he recovered himself; and the owner has since disposed of him, at a low price, to a master of post-horses in Manchester. He is now to be ridden as a common hackney, or driven in a chaise; and he will be at the mercy of every coxcomb traveller, who *gallops* night and day, through different countries, to acquire a knowledge of mankind, by the observation of their manners, customs, laws, arts, police, and government. It is obvious that the horse will soon be disqualified for this violent and cruel service; and, if he survive, he will, probably, be sold to grind in a mill. In this situation his exercise will be less severe, but almost without intermission; the movement in a circle will produce a dizziness of the head; and in a month or two he will become blind. Still, however, his labours are to continue; and he may drag on years of toil and sorrow, ere death closes the period of his sufferings.' The children were much affected by this narrative; and Jacobus cried out with emotion, 'I love my little horse, and will never abuse him: and when he grows old he shall rest from his work; and I will feed him, and take care of him till he dies.'

"A Father's Instructions."

were two country lasses, the pride of the village were they dwelt. Both of them handsome to perfection, but of dispositions exceedingly different. The unaffected Damaris was attentive to assist the infirmities of an aged parent, whom decripitude confined to his cottage. She carefully attended his flock, or was employed in some useful and necessary work. While knitting or spinning to procure him a more comfortable subsistence, her cheerful songs expressed a contented heart. Her dress, tho' poor, was neat and clean; she studied no vain or fantastic ornament in it; and whenever her person was complimented, she lent no attention. Phillis had been bred up under a careless mother. She was extremely conscious of being pretty. On holidays nobody was so spruce. Wreaths of flowers and ribbands bedecked her hat; every fountain had been consulted for her dress, and every meadow ransacked to adorn it. From morn to night she danced or sported on the green. The shepherds admired or flattered her, and she believed every word they said. Yet she felt many a discontent. Sometimes her garland was not sufficiently becoming; sometimes she imagined that a favourite shepherd was inattentive to her, or that he admired a new face. Every day was spent in frolic and dissipation, and every night brought with it some disquiet. She was one morning sitting pensively under a poplar, tying up a nosegay, when she heard Damaris singing cheerfully in praise of industry. Phillis approached her, and found she was busily engaged in playing the distaff.

'How is it possible Damaris' said she, 'that you

should always be so merry while leading a life of drudgery?' 'I prefer this way of life,' answered Damaris, I enjoy at least tranquillity and peace of mind, because I acquit myself well in the station in which providence has placed me. I am the means of producing comfort for a good old father who supported me in helpless infancy, and now requires this return of duty. When I have penned the fold at night I return to his cot, and cheer him with my presence. I then prepare a supper, of which we partake with more pleasure than you do at a feast. My father afterwards relates to me the stories which he has treasured up in his memory, and imparts the precepts of wisdom and experience. Sometimes he teaches me a song, and on holidays I read to him out of some excellent book. Thus, Phillis, does my life pass. My expectations are few, but I cherish many a joyful hope, which makes my heart light and easy.'

Altered from Miss Talbot.

CONTENTS.

The Grateful Turk, by Day, - - 3
Androcles and the Lion, - - - - 16
The Horse, by Dr. Percival, - - 19
Phillis, and Damaris, - - - - - - 23

. G. Nicholson Poughnill.

MORAL TALES.

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OLD EDWARDS.

THE RECLUSE AND HIS DOG.

&c. &c.

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OLD EDWARDS.

Harley set out on foot, having first put a spare shirt in his pocket, and given directions for the forwarding of his portmanteau. This was a method of travelling which he was accustomed to take; it saved the trouble of provision for any animal but himself, and left him at liberty to choose his quarters, either at an inn, or at the first cottage in which he saw a face that he liked: nay, when he was not peculiarly attracted by the reasonable creation, he would sometimes consort with a species of inferior rank, and lay himself down to sleep by the side of a rock, or on the banks of a rivulet. He did few things without a motive, but his motives were rather eccentric; and the useful and expedient were terms which he held to be very indefinite, and which, therefore, he did not always apply to the sense in which they are commonly understood. The sun was in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seamed the sward in different lines, as the choice of travellers had directed them to tread it. It seemed now to be little frequented, for some of those had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and examine it; when, turning round, his notice was attracted by a different object. An old man, who from his dress seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left. Harley looked

on him with the most earnest attention. He was one of thost figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the wildness of that painter's back-grounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastic shrub-wood, and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger-post, to mark the directions of two roads which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock, with some dangling wild-flowers, jutted out above where the soldier lay; on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time; his forehead was not altogether bald, but it's hairs might have been numbered; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck with a contrast, to a mind like Harley's the most venerable. "Thou art old," said he to himself; "but age has not brought thee rest for it's infirmities: I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, tho' that neck has been bronzed in it's service." The stranger waked. He looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion: it was a pain the latter knew too well to think of causing in another; he turned and went on. The old man re-adjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road. When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveller. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack; he halted in his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow, which indicates that it's owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to la-

ment them; yet not without those streaks of complacency, which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the incumbent load of it's depression. He had now advanced nearer to Harley, and, with an uncertain sort of voice, begged to know what it was o'clock; "I fear," said he, "sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to carry me to the end of my journey." "Father!" said Harley (who by by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising within him), "how far do you intend to go?" "But a little way, sir," returned the other; "and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now: 't is just four miles from the height to the village, whither I am going." "I am going there too," said Harley; "we may make the road shorter to each other. You seem to have served your country, sir; to have served it hardly too; 't is a character I have the highest esteem for. I would not be impertinently inquisitive; but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you: in the mean time, suffer me to carry that knapsack."

The old man gazed on him; a tear stood in his eye. "Young gentleman," said he, "you are too good; may Heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give! but my knapsack is so familiar to my shoulders, that I should walk the worse for wanting it; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to it's weight." "Far from it," answered Harley, "I should tread the lighter; it would be the most honourable badge I ever wore." "Sir," said the stranger, who had looked earnestly in Harley's face during the last part of his discourse, "is not your name Harley?" "It

is," replied he; "I am ashamed to say I have forgotten your's." "You may well have forgotten my face," said the stranger; "'t is a long time since you saw it; but possibly you may remember something of old Edwards." "Edwards!" cried Harley, "oh! heavens!" and sprung to embrace him; "let me clasp those knees on which I have sat so often: Edwards! I shall never forget that fire-side, round which I have been so happy! But where, where have you been? where is Jack? where is your daughter? How has it fared with them, when fortune, I fear, has been so unkind to you?" "'T is a long tale," replied Edwards; "but I will try to tell it to you as we walk." "When you were at school in the neighbourhood, you remember me at South-hill: that farm had been possessed by my father, grandfather, and great grandfather, which last was a younger brother of that very man's ancestor who is now lord of the manor. I thought I managed it, as they had done, with prudence; I paid my rent regularly as it became due, and had always as much behind as gave bread to me and my children. But my last lease was out soon after you left that part of the country; and the 'squire, who had lately adopted a London attorney for his steward, would not renew it, because, he said, he did not choose to have any farm under £300 a year value on his estate; but offered to give me the preference on the same terms with another, if I choose to take the one he had marked out, of which mine was a part. "What could I do, Mr. Harley? I feared the undertaking was too great for me; yet to leave, at my age, the house I had lived in from my cradle! I could not, Mr. Harley, I could not; there was not a tree about it which I did not look on as my

father, my brother, or my child: so I even ran the risque, and took the 'squire's offer of the whole. But I had soon reason to repent of my bargain; the steward had taken care that my former farm should be the best land of the division: I was obliged to hire more servants, and I could not have my eye over them all; some unfavourable seasons followed, and I found that may affairs were entangling on my hands. To add to my distress, a considerable corn-factor turned bankrupt with a sum of mine in his possession: I failed paying my rent so punctually as I was wont to do, and the same steward had my stock taken in execution in a few days after. So Mr. Harley, there was an end of my prosperity. However, there was as much produced from the sale of my effects as paid my debts, and saved me from a jail: I thank God, I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty. "Had you seen us, Mr. Harley, when we were turned out of South-hill, I am sure you would have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house-dog; I shall never forget it while I live; the poor creature was blind with age, and could scarcely crawl after us to the door; he went, however, as far as the gooseberry-bush; which you may remember stood on the left side of the yard; he was wont to bask in the sun there; when he had reached that spot, he stopped; we went on: I called to him; he wagged his tail, but did not stir: I called again; he laid down: I whistled, and cried, Trusty! he gave a short howl, and died! I could have lain down and died too; but God gave me strength to live for my children." The old man now paused a moment to take breath. He eyed Harley's face; it was bathed with tears: the story was grown familiar

to himself; he dropped one tear and no more.

"Tho' I was poor," continued he, "I was not altogether without credit. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had a small farm unoccupied at the time, offered to let me have it, on giving security for the rent; which I made shift to procure. It was a piece of ground which required management to make any thing of; but it was nearly within the compass of my son's labour and my own. We exerted all our industry to bring it into some heart. We began to succeed tolerably, and lived contentedly on it's produce, when an unlucky accident brought us under the displeasure of a neighbouring justice of the peace and broke all our family happiness again. "My son was a remarkable good shooter; he had always kept a pointer on our former farm, and thought no harm in doing so now; when one day, having sprung a covey of birds in our own ground, the dog, of his own accord followed them into the justice's. My son laid down his gun, and went after his dog to bring him back: the game-keeper, who had marked the birds, came up, and seeing the pointer, shot him, just as my son approached. The creature fell; my son ran up to him: he died with a complaining sort of cry at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer; but flying at the game-keeper, wrenched his gun out of his hands, and with the but-end of it felled him to the ground. "He scarcely had reached home, when a constable came with a warrant, and dragged him to prison: there he lay, for the justices would not take bail, till he was tried at the quarter sessions for the assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay; we contrived, however, to live the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality; but the jus-

tice was not content with that punishment, and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed. "An officer with press-orders, came down to our country, and having met with the justices, agreed that they should pitch on a certain number who could most easily be spared from the country, of whom he would take care to clear it: my son's name was in the justices' list. "It was on a Christmas Eve, and the birth-day too of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner room; I sat before it in my wicker-chair, blessing Providence, that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us; my heart warmed at the sight: I brought a bottle of my best ale, and all our misfortunes were forgotten. "It had long been our custom to play a game at blind-man's-buff on that night, and it was not omitted now; so to it we fell, I, and my son, and his wife, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who happened to be with us at the time, the two children, and an old maid-servant who had lived with me from a child. The lot fell on my son to be blind-folded: we had continued some time in our game, when he groped his way into an outer room in pursuit of some of us, who, imagined, had taken shelter there; we kept snug in our places, and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there, when he was suddenly seized from behind; "I shall have you now," said he, and turned about. "Shall you so, master?" answered the ruffian, who had laid hold of him; "we shall make you play at another sort of game by and by." At these words, Harley started

with a convulsive sort of motion, and grasping Edwards's sword, drew it half out of the scabbard, with a look of the most frantic wildness. Edwards gently replaced it in it's sheath, and went on with his relation.

"On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to discover the cause; the room by this time was almost full of the gang. My daughter-in-law fainted at the sight; the maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother. We soon recovered her to life, and begged her to retire and wait the issue of the affair; but she flew to her husband, and clung around him in an agony of terror and grief. "In the gang was one of a smoother aspect, whom, by his dress, we discovered to be a serjeant of foot: he came up to me, and told me, that my son had his choice of the sea or land service, whispering at the same time, that if he choose the land, he might get off, on procuring him another man, and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced, in a green bag, all the little savings of her service; but the man we could not expect to find. My daughter-in-law gazed upon her children with a look of the wildest despair: "My poor infants!" said she, "your father is forced from you; who shall now labour for your bread? or must your mother beg for herself and you?" I prayed her to be patient; but comfort I had none to give her. At last, calling the serjeant aside, I asked him, "if I was too old to be accepted in the place of my son?" "Why I do not know," said he; "you are rather old to be sure, but yet the money may do much." I put the money in his hand, and

coming back to my children, "Jack," said I, "you are free! live to give your wife and these little ones bread; I will go, my child, in your stead: I have but little of life to lose, and, if I staid, I should add one to the wretches you left behind." "No," replied my son, "I am not that coward you imagine me; Heaven forbid that my father's gray hairs should be so exposed, while I sat idle at home; I am young, and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family." "Jack," said I, "I will put an end to this matter; you have never hitherto disobeyed me; I will not be contradicted in this: stay at home, I charge you, and for my sake be kind to my children." "Our parting, Mr. Harley, I cannot describe to you; it was the first time we ever had parted: the very press-gang could scarcely keep from tears; but the serjeant, who had seemed the softest, was now the least moved of them all. He conducted me to a party of new-raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighbourhood; and we soon after joined the regiment. I had not been long with it, when we were ordered to the East-Indies, where I was soon made a serjeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some other's were; but my nature was never of that kind which could think of making myself rich at the expense of my conscience. "Among our prisoners was an old Indian, whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden somewhere; which is no uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none; but that would not satisfy them: so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning till he should learn to speak

out, as they said. Oh! Mr. Harley, had you seen him, as I did, with his hands bound behind him, suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled down his shrivelled cheeks, and wet his gray beard; which some of the inhuman soldiers plucked in scorn! I could not bear it, I could not for my soul; and one morning, when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape. I was tried by a court-martial for negligence of my post, and ordered, in compassion of my age, and having got this wound in my arm, and that in my leg, in the service, only to suffer three hundred lashes, and be turned out of the regiment; but my sentence was mitigated as to the lashes, and I had only two hundred. When I had suffered these, I was turned out of the camp, and had betwixt three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach a sea-port, without guide to conduct me, or money to buy provisions by the way. I set out, however resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and die. But I had scarcely gone a mile when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He pressed me in his arms, and kissed the marks of the lashes on my back a thousand times; he led me to a little hut, where some friend of his dwelt; and, after I was recovered of my wounds, conducted me farther on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to guide me through the rest. When we parted, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold in it. "Take this," said he, "my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure." I begged him not to bring himself to poverty for my sake, who should probably have no need of it long; but he insisted on my accepting it. He embraced me: "You are an Englishman," said he, "but the

great Spirit has given you an Indian heart: may he bear up the weight of your old age, and blunt the arrow which will bring it rest!" We parted; and not long after, I made shift to obtain a passage to England. It is but about a week since I landed, and I am going to end my days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his children; it is all the value I put upon it. I thank Heaven I never was covetous of wealth; I never had much, but was always contented with my little." When Edwards had ended his relation, Harley stood a while looking at him in silence; at last he pressed him in his arms, and when he had given vent to the fulness of his heart by a shower of tears, "Edwards," said he, "let me hold thee to my bosom; let me imprint the virtue of thy sufferings on my soul. Come, my honoured veteran! let me endeavour to soften the last days of a life worn out in the service of humanity; call me also thy son, and let me cherish thee as a Father." Edwards, from whom the recollection of his own sufferings had scarcely forced a tear, now blubbered like a boy; he could not speak his gratitude, but by some short exclamations of blessings upon Harley.

When they had arrived within a little way of the village they journeyed to, Harley stopped short, and looked stedfastly on the mouldering walls of a ruined house which stood on the road side. "Oh Heavens!" he cried, "what do I see: silent, unroofed, and desolate! are all thy gay tenants gone? Do I hear their hum no more? Edwards, look there, look there! the scene of my infant joys, my earliest friendships, laid waste and ruinous! That was the very school where I was boarded when you were at Southhill; 't is but a twelvemonth since I saw it standing,

and it's benches filled with cherubs: that opposite side of the road was the green on which they sported; see it now ploughed up! I would have given fifty times it's value to have saved it from the sacrilege of of that plough." "Dear sir," replied Edwards, "perhaps they have left it from choice, and may have another spot as good." "They cannot," said Harley, "they cannot; I shall never see the sward covered with it's daisies, nor pressed by the dance of the dear innocents: I shall never see that stump decked with the garlands which their little hands had gathered. These two long stones, which now lie at the foot of it, were once the supports of a hut I myself assisted to rear: I have sat on the sods within it, when we had spread our banquet of apples before us, and been more blest—oh! Edwards! infinitely more blest than ever I shall be again." Just then a woman passed them on the road, and discovered some signs of wonder at the attitude of Harley, who stood, with his hands folded together, looking with a moistened eye on the falling pillars of the hut. He was too much entranced in thought to observe her; but Edwards civilly accosting her, desired to know if that had not been the school-house, and how it came into the condition in which they now saw it? "Alack-a-day!" said she, "it was the school-house indeed; but to be sure, sir, the 'squire has pulled it down, because it stood in the way of his prospects." "What! how! prospects! pulled down!" cried Harley. "Yes, to be sure, sir; and the green where the children used to play, he has ploughed up, because, he said, they hurt his fence on the other side of it." "Curses on his narrow heart," cried Harley,

"which could violate a right so sacred! Heaven blast the wretch!

> "And from his derogate body never spring
> a babe to honour him."

"But I need not, Edwards, I need not" (recovering himself a little), "he is cursed enough already: to him the noblest source of happiness is denied; and the cares of his sordid soul shall gnaw it, while thou sittest over a brown crust, smiling on those mangled limbs which have saved thy son and his children! "If you want any thing with the school-mistress, sir," said the woman, "I can shew you the way to her house." He followed her without knowing whither he went. They stopped at the door of a snug habitation, where sat an elderly woman with a boy and a girl before her, each of whom held a supper of bread and milk in their hands. "There, sir, is the school-mistress." "Madam," said Harley, "was not an old venerable man school-master here some time ago?"

"Yes, sir, he was; poor man! the loss of his former school-house, I believe, broke his heart, for he died soon after it was taken down; and as another has not yet been found, I have that charge in the mean time." "And this boy and girl, a presume, are your pupils?" "Ay, sir, they are poor orphans, put under my care by the parish; and more promising children I never saw." "Orphans!" said Harley. "Yes, sir, of honest creditable parents as any in the parish; and it is a shame for some folks to forget their relations, at a time when they should most remember them." "Madam," said Harley, let us never forget that we are all relations." He kissed the children. "Their father, sir," continued she, "was a farmer here in the neighbourhood, and a so-

ber industrious man he was; but nobody can help misfortunes: what with bad crops, and bad debts, which are worse, his affairs went to wreck; and both he and his wife died of broken hearts. And a sweet couple they were, sir; there was not a properer man to look on in the county than John Edwards, and so indeed were all the Edwardses." "What Edwardses?" cried the old soldier, hastily. "The Edwardses of South-hill; and a worthy family they were." "South-hill!" said he, in a languid voice, and fell back into the arms of the astonished Harley. The school-mistress ran for some water and a smelling-bottle, with the assistance of which they recovered the unfortunate Edwards. He stared wildly for some time, then folding his orphan grand-children in his arms, "Oh! my children, my children!" he cried, "have I found you thus? my poor Jack! art thou gone? I thought thou shouldst have carried thy father's gray hairs to the grave? And these little ones"—his tears choaked his utterance, and he fell again on the necks of the children. "My dear old man!" said Harley, "Providence has sent you to relieve them; it will bless me, if I can be the means of assisting you." "Yes, indeed, sir," answered the boy; "father, when he was a dying, bade God bless us; and prayed, that if grandfather lived, he might send him to support us." "Where did they lay my boy?" said Edwards. "In the old church yard," replied the woman, "hard by his mother." "I will shew it to you," answered the boy; "for I have wept over it many a time, when first I came among strange folks." He took the old man's hand, Harley laid hold of his sister's, and they walked in silence to the church-yard. There was an old stone, with

the corner broken off, and some letters half covered with moss, to denote the names of the dead: there was a cyphered *R. E.* plainer than the rest: it was the tomb they sought. "Here it is, grandfather," said the boy. Edwards gazed upon it without uttering a word: the girl, who had only sighed before, now wept outright: her brother sobbed, but he stifled his sobbing. "I have told sister," said he, "that she should not take it so to heart; she can knit already, and I shall soon be able to dig: we shall not starve, sister, indeed we shall not, nor shall grandfather neither." The girl cried afresh; Harley kissed off her tears as they flowed, and wept between every kiss.

It was with some difficulty that Harley prevailed on the old man to leave the spot where the remains of his son were laid. At last, with the assistance of the school-mistress, he prevailed; and she accommodated Edwards and him with beds in her house, there being nothing like an inn nearer than the distance of some miles. In the morning, Harley persuaded Edwards to come, with the children, to his house, which was distant but a short day's journey. The boy walked in his grandfather's hand; and the name of Edwards procured him a neighbouring farmer's horse, on which a servant mounted, with the girl on a pillow before him. With this train Harley returned to the abode of his fathers: and we cannot but think, that his enjoyment was as great as if he had arrived from the tour of Europe, with a Swiss valet for his companion, and half a dozen snuff-boxes, with invisible hinges, in his pocket. But we take our ideas from sounds which folly has invented; fashion, bon ton, and vertù, are the names of certain idols, to which we sacrifice the genuine pleasures

of the soul: in this world of semblance, we are contented with personating happiness; to feel it is an art beyond us. It was otherwise with Harley; he ran up stairs to his aunt, with the history of his fellow-travellers glowing on his lips. His aunt was an economist; but she knew the pleasure of doing charitable things, and withal was fond of her nephew, and solicitous to oblige him. She received old Edwards, therefore, with a look of more complacency than is perhaps natural to maiden ladies of threescore, and was remarkably attentive to his grand-children: she roasted apples with her own hands for their supper, and made up a little bed beside her own for the girl. Edwards made some attempts towards an acknowledgment for these favours; but his young friend stopped them in their beginnings. "Whosoever receiveth any of these children," said his aunt; for her acquaintance with her Bible was habitual.

Early next morning, Harley stole into the room where Edwards lay: he expected to have found him in bed; but in this he had mistaken: the old man had risen, and was leaning over his sleeping grandson, with the tears flowing down his cheeks. At first he did not perceive Harley; when he did, he endeavoured to hide his grief, and crossing his eyes with his hand, expressed his surprise at seeing him so early a-stir. "I was thinking of you," said Harley, "and your children: I learned last night that a small farm of mine in the neighbourhood is now vacant: if you will occupy it, I shall gain a good neighbour, and be able in some measure to repay the notice you took of me when a boy, and as the furniture of the house is mine, it will be so much trouble saved." Edwards's tears gushed afresh, and Harley led him

to see the place he intended for him. The house upon this farm was indeed little better than a hut; it's situation, however, was pleasant; and Edwards, assisted by the beneficence of Harley, set about improving it's neatness and convenience. He staked out a piece of the green before for a garden, and Peter, who acted in Harley's family, as valet, butler, and gardener, had orders to furnish him with parcels of the different seeds he choose to sow in it. I have seen his master at work in this little spot, with his coat off, and his dibble in his hand: it was a scene of tranquil virtue sufficient to have stopped an angel on his errands of mercy! Harley had contrived to lead a little bubbling brook through a green walk in the middle of the ground, upon which he had erected a mill in miniature for the diversion of Edwards's infant grandson, and made shift in it's construction to introduce a pliant bit of wood, which answered with it's fairy clack to the murmuring of the rill that turned it. I have seen him stand listening to these mingled sounds, with his eye fixed on the boy, and the smile of conscious satisfaction on his cheek: while the old man, with a look half turned to Harley, and half to heaven, breathed an ejaculation of gratitude and piety. Father of Mercies! I, also, would thank thee! that not only hast thou assigned eternal rewards to virtue, but that, even in this bad world, the lines of our duty and our happiness, are so frequently woven together.

Man of Feeling.

THE RECLUSE AND HIS DOG.

A respectable character, after having long figured in the gay world at Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of severe and unforeseen misfortunes. He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an allowance from the parish. Every week a quantity of bread was sent to him, sufficient for his support, and yet at length he demanded more, On this the curate sent for him. He went: "Do you live alone?" said the curate: "With whom, sir," answered the unfortunate man, "is it possible I should live? I am wretched, you see that I am, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world." "But, sir," continued the curate, "if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself?" The other was quite disconcerted, and at last, with great reluctance, confessed that he had a dog. The curate did not drop the subject. He desired him to observe, that he was only the distributor of the bread which belonged to the poor, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should dispose of his dog. "Ah, sir," exclaimed the poor man, weeping, "and if I should lose my dog, who is there then to love me?" The good pastor, melting into tears, took his purse, and giving it to him, "Take this, sir," said he; "this is mine, this I *can* give."

Speculator, No. 22.

THE DISTRESSED OFFICER.

A fragment.

—— He was in a military dress; his figure, his face, and his walk evinced the gentleman; yet poverty contracted his countenance, and a succession of blushes which flushed into his cheek while he traversed the coffee-room, and to which deep sighs were the harbingers, shewed that his heart suffered. He, at last, leaned upon the bar, and whispered the mistress of the coffee-room, a good-natured creature, and she instantly curtsied with a degree of respect, which induced me to believe that I had mistaken the index of the officer's mind, that instead of standing in need of a favour, notwithstanding his appearance, he had been conferring an obligation. On quitting the bar and taking his seat, the mistress of the coffee-room ordered a pot of coffee and toast to the table where he sat, his eyes sparkled at the sight, and the toast was devoured with a degree of avidity, which indicated, not so much a wholesome appetite, as the keenness of actual want: he ate with every mark of real hunger.

The first plate of toast being dispatched, the mistress of the coffee-room ordered a second to be placed before him, but she gave her orders privately, and the waiter laid it on the table with a look the most pitiable. The officer seized the toast; the waiter wiped his eyes with his napkin; and the mistress of the coffee-room, drawing up her breath, sighed it out again in a tone so soft, so tender, and so sweet, as har-

monized every nerve of those who heard it, into that delightful unison of pity, which is only felt when the finger of charity touches the sympathetic cords of the heart. The officer having finished his breakfast, and taking leave of his hostess at the bar, an impulse, which certainly was not curiosity, induced me to inquire after his name and situation. Of these particulars the woman was ignorant; she had never seen him before, she knew nothing of him, but that he had ordered a breakfast at the bar, and assured her he would call and pay for it at some future day.

Till the day arrived when he should be able to pay, she desired he would constantly call and breakfast at her house on credit; and "he is welcome," said she to me, "tho' that day should be the day of judgment." "And when the day of judgment arrives," said I, "you will hear of this matter; you have done that which will stand in account and gain you credit in the book of fate; if your sins be even multitudinous, your charity has covered them. But let us see if something more cannot be done for this poor officer; lend him," added I, "these few guineas, should he call here to-morrow, as if coming from yourself." The next day he received the cash. I heard no more of my money for six years; at the end of that time, the mistress of the coffee-room told me, that Ensign ****, now a lieutenant-colonel, had returned from abroad; had repaid her the sum borrowed; and given her a ring, worth one hundred pounds, by way of interest.

VESPASIAN AND THE FOP.

Suetonius relates, that a young officer, to whom Vespasian had given a commission, *perfumed* himself when he went to court, to thank the emperor for the honour conferred on him. "I should have been less offended if you had smelled of garlic," said Vespasian; who was so disgusted with his foppery, that he immediately dismissed him from his employment.

THE PEDLAR AND HIS ASS.

BY THOMAS PERCIVAL, M. D.

It was noon day, and the sun shone intensely bright, when a pedlar driving his ass, laden with the choicest Burslem ware, stopped upon Delamere Forest, to take some refreshment. He sat down upon the turf, and after consuming the provisions in his satchel, emptied his dram bottle, and then composed himself to sleep. But the ass, who had travelled many a wearisome mile, without tasting a morsel of food, remained muzzled by his side, wistfully viewing the blossoms of furze, which grew in great abundance around them. Fatigue and heat, however, overpowered the sensations of hunger, and drowsiness stole on him. He kneeled down, and doubling his legs under him, rested upon his belly in such a position, that each of the panniers which he carried, touched the ground, and was securely supported by it. But his slumbers were of short duration. An angry hornet, whose nest had been that morning destroyed, perched upon his back, and stung him to the quick. Roused by the smart, he suddenly sprang up, and by this violent motion produced a loud jarring of the earthen ware. The

pedlar awaked in consternation; and snatching his whip, began to lash the ass with merciless fury. The poor beast fled from his stripes, and was heard of no more; the panniers were thrown off; and the Burselm ware was entirely demolished. Thus did inhumanity, laziness, and passion, meet with deserved punishment. Had the pedlar remembered the craving hunger of the ass, when he gratified his own; or had he pursued with diligence his journey, after finishing his repast, no part of these misfortunes would have befallen him: and his loss might have been inconsiderable, if unjust severity and rash resentment had not completed his ruin. *A Father's Instructions.*

CONTENTS.

Old Edwards, by Mackenzie, page 3
The Recluse and his Dog, - - - 20
The distressed Officer, - - - - 21
Vespasian and the Fop, - - - - 23
The Pedlar and his Ass, by Dr. Percival, - - - - - - - - - - 23

At the Poughnill-press, by G. Nicholson.

MORAL TALE.

SARAH PHILLIPS,

from the French of

DE SAINT LAMBERT.

Page 6.

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SARAH PHILLIPS.

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
with but a wish so mean as to be great,
continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
the humble blessings of the life I love. *Cowley.*

It is now five years since I completed my travels; and, after having studied mankind, in the different cities and courts of Europe, and in those conditions of life which are usually the objects of universal envy, I returned, fully persuaded that neither the countries I had seen nor that in which I was born were the lands of happiness and reason. My friends urged the propriety of marriage, and my father endeavoured to find me a wife, who should efface from my memory a cousin I had loved in my youth, and from whom I had been separated by her death.

In the mean time, he wished me to go and examine the estate he intended me to inherit immediately after my marriage; which was situated in the north of Scotland, near Aberdeen. I set out therefore, on my journey, in the most pleasant season of the year; and, after a few days of easy travelling, arrived, about sun-set, at Hamstead, which is the name of a village within a few miles of the end of my journey. But knowing there were very indifferent accommodations there, and as I was both fatigued and hungry, I determined, if possible, to pass the night at a farm-house which seemed to invite me by an appearance of respectability, neatness, and rural abundance.

This farm-house was situated upon the declivity of a hill, which protected it from the east wind, so severe

in those counties, and about three or four hundred yards from a rivulet, which ran winding along a beautiful valley. It was surrounded by lovely meadows, orchards, and corn fields. At a little distance from it was a copse; and horses, oxen, and sheep, were feeding in the valley and upon the sides of a neighbouring hill. Four lovely children played about the yard, which was well stocked with poultry of every kind. At the door of the house was a handsome woman, apparently about twenty-five, or thirty. Her complexion was fine, tho' somewhat tanned, and her lovely black eyes sparkled with intelligence. An infant of five or six months old was at her breast. I thought the features of this agreeable woman were not unknown to me. I begged her to inform me to whom the farm belonged, and whether it would be convenient for me and my servant to pass the night in the house; adding, that I should not scruple to pay whatever might be required for the trouble I should give. She answered, the farm belonged to her husband, and that they never lodged any person for money, but frequently entertained strangers with whatever their house afforded, without reward. She then invited me to alight, and conducted me herself into the house. The parlour, in which she desired me to sit down, was not inelegant: the furniture was neat and convenient, and from the window I had an extensive prospect of the valley, through which the rivulet ran in delightful meanders. Mrs. Phillips, for that was the name of my kind hostess, informed me that supper would be soon ready; and that, in the mean time, I might either repose in that room, or, as the air was refreshing, in the garden, upon a grassplat

under the trees, which grew by the side of a small transparent stream. The day had been very hot, but the evening was delightful; I choose, therefore, to go into the garden. 'I think you have decided well,' said Mrs. Phillips, 'for cooling breezes after excessive heat, and rest after fatigue, produce two of the greatest pleasures we can experience. If, however, you choose to read, while supper is preparing, there are books (pointing to a small room).

After expressing my sense of the obligation, I walked in; for my curiosity was excited, and I was eager to examine what the library of a country farmer consisted of. I expected to find in it nothing but old romances, and books of devotion. Imagine then my surprise when I took up the works of Tull; and almost all the best treatises on agriculture. My astonishment was most agreeably increased to find the next I opened to be "*Memoirs de l' Academie de Rennes;*" an excellent work, but written in a language very unlikely to be known by these good people. However, I could no longer doubt their acquaintance with the French language when I saw, upon a shelf, "*Essaies de Montaigne;*" "*Le Droit Naturel;*" and the poem intitled, "*La Loi Naturelle.*" I likewise found a French translation of the "*Prædium Rusticum;*" a poem by the jesuit Vanieres. The rest of the library was in the English language. Among others books were Shaftesbury's "Characteristics," and the "Moral Philosophy" of Hutchinson. 'What!' exclaimed I, 'books of philosophy among farmers! the best English and French writers to be met with at a farm-house near Hamstead! It is certainly more probable that they belong to some gentleman in the neighbourhood; who,

charmed with the situation of the farmer's habitation, passes the summer months here.' I afterwards finished my examination of the library, and found some books of mathematics, several treatises of practical physic, the novels of Richardson, a translation of the "Idyls" of Theocritus, Dryden's "Virgil," and translations of Gessner and Haller. There were also the "Pastorals" of Phillips, Cowley's "Pleasures of a Country Life," Spencer's "Fairy Queen," Dryden's "Miscellanies" and Thomson's "Seasons." I took the French poem, intitled, "*La Loi Naturelle*," with me to the grassplat, and sat down to read. I had not been here long before I heard a noise near the house. The children, who had followed me into the garden, presently ran to the door; the farmer's wife hastened thither also. I perceived an empty waggon had entered the yard, and, with it the farmer himself, who had returned from Aberdeen, where he had been detained several days on particular business. I easily knew him to be the master of the house from the manner in which he was received. His wife tenderly embraced him: and, taking two of the children in her arms, raised them to the cheek of their father, who let them kiss him, and displayed an agreeable mixture of dignity and sensibility; and afterwards led two others by the hand, who waited for their turn to kiss him also. After these caresses, they all came into the garden, and I rose to pay my respects.

The farmer appeared to be about thirty, extremely well proportioned, and had a manly and agreeable countenance. He thanked me for the honour which he said I did him, of passing the night in his house. They soon after left me, and I saw them go into a chamber, the window of which looked into the gar-

den, and was open. They approached a cradle, in which their fifth child lay asleep; and, stooping down towards the infant, looked on each other with a smile. I must confess I felt considerable emotion at the sight of this specimen of conjugal and paternal tenderness. Supper being ready, notice was sent to me. I was asked permission to suffer their servants, and likewise my own, to eat with us; to which I consented. The table was presently covered with puddings, pies, and vegetables, in abundance. Among the seats provided, was an arm chair, intended for an old man, who was introduced to me, and was the farmer's father. He addressed me with much civility, and we seated ourselves at the table. I was placed near the farmer's wife, and observed she directed one of her maid-servants to take her seat close to a young shepherd. I asked if they were newly married. They are not married, replied she, but they love each other. They have not had an interview during the whole day, and they will find a pleasure in sitting together. To another of her servants she sent a plate of something of which he was particularly fond, and which was intended for him alone. Those whose work had been most laborious during the day were treated with strong beer. In the course of our meal, she assigned ample reasons for preferring simple and wholesome food; and much had been done to heighten the pleasures of the table. The farmer shewed the same affability and desire to oblige his dependents. The repast was frugal, yet excellent; and the guests sober, tho' they indulged their appetites; all seemed to be equal in the family; the domestics were not considered as inferior to the master: and this familiarity no ways diminished their re-

spect, tho' it greatly increased their zeal and attachment. When supper was over, we entered into conversation; the farmer asked me several questions concerning the countries I had passed through. He greatly extolled the pleasantness of the spot round his farm, and urged me to stay the next day, that he might shew me it's beauties. He and Mrs. Phillips, indeed, paid me the greatest attention, and yet did not neglect their servants. Some they praised for cheerfulness during their labour; others for their conduct in some particular business, in which they had been employed. They spoke to them concerning the fineness of the weather, the song of the blackbird, the forwardness of the harvest, or their own rural amours. The domestics likewise conversed with each other, with the same good-nature and sensibility; but they soon retired, to be more at ease in a common room. But above all, they were attentive to their aged father. Never did I see an old man so affable and so sprightly. I could not help remarking it to Mrs. Phillips. 'It is,' said she, 'the neglect that old people commonly meet with, which makes them so peevish. When they find themselves beloved, and well treated, they are as cheerful, mild, and as easily pleased as others. She urged the old man to drink. 'I think,' said she, 'that we ought to do our utmost to ward off the infirmities of old age, yet, when they are to be suffered, it is our duty to beguile them by the memory of past enjoyments. These answers astonished me. I no longer doubted that the library was for the use of my host and his wife. I therefore spoke to them concerning their books. Their replies were marked with so much propriety that I could not conceal my amazement at their

intelligent discourse; and especially at that of Mrs. Phillips. 'How strange,' said I, 'to find so much good sense, and so cultivated an understanding, in a young woman in this country!' 'Ah!' cried the old man, who began gently to feel the vivifying liquor, 'you are not acquainted with half the merit of my daughter-in-law! If you knew what she has quitted for our sakes! Oh! were my aged limbs obedient to my will, I should fall down and worship her.' Mrs. Phillips appeared fearful of the indiscretion of her father-in-law; she blushed, and her husband begged the old man to be guarded. 'I shall say nothing,' said the father, taking another glass, 'I shall say nothing. Yet for one so handsome, so rich, and possessing such an understanding! for her to leave all for us! and so far to forget her coach as to be contented to ride in a cart'——Mrs. Phillips interrupted him by rising and taking away the plates, to set on some strawberries and cream. The old man became silent; either because his attention was engaged by what was set before him, or through fear of displeasing his daughter-in-law. After supper, a servant maid placed beaupots of flowers, of various kinds, upon the table. 'I did not order these flowers,' said Mrs. Phillips, 'with the first course, because, then, the scent of provisions is agreeable; but when the appetite is satisfied, that flavour is no longer desirable, and the perfume of flowers becomes doubly pleasing.' I could not but admire the delicacy which this excellent woman shewed in heightening agreeable sensations. Many were the pleasures she was able to supply, without any other resource than the bounty, the variety, the simplicity of nature! This amiable pair seemed to live entirely for each

other, and to enjoy uninterrupted happiness. No union could be more delightful, for rarely are those united who possess the same degrees of sensibility, the same inclinations, and the same opinions.

A short time after supper I was shewn to my apartment. The farmer remarked the agreeableness of the night, and the silence with which nature seemed to invite repose. He afterwards visited his stables, and gave some orders, while his wife attended to the children, after which this happy pair retired to rest. As to myself, I felt little inclination to sleep, the few past hours recurred to my recollection like a fascination, yet a fascination which I could have wished to have lasted for eternity. I arose early in the morning, but found myself involuntarily detained. The residence of this charming family, their manner of life, the unanimity of the domestics, the tranquillity and gaiety which appeared in every face, were charms too irresistible to be left without regret; for, however little we may be accustomed to the practice of virtue ourselves, we always admire it in others. I rose, therefore, impressed with the dissatisfaction that I was quickly to leave this delightful farm-house.

As soon as I was dressed I went down into the yard, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Phillips. The sun was seen just above the horizon's edge, and the heavens still retained a slight tincture of that yellow which succeeds to pale twilight and precedes the deep azure of the glow of day. The pleasing odour from the trees, the plants, and the breezes, were delightful and refreshing. All nature was again in motion. Men and horses were going to their labour, the herds had left their stalls, and the fowls had dispersed themselves about the yard. I confess, I then, for the first time,

enjoyed the break of day; and I am persuaded the amiable master and mistress of the house, notwithstanding the apparent meanness of their occupations, were not insensible to this pleasure. I remarked that, in the work they appointed to their domestics, they endeavoured to station several of them together: nay, even directed the shepherds to drive their flocks to those places near which their fellow-servants were employed. This attention seemed singular, and I addressed Mrs. Phillips on the subject. 'When a number of men,' said she, 'labour together, a thousand things happen to inspire mirth; the cheerfulness of one will communicate itself to all. If one shepherd play on the flute, another may sing. Those who plough in contiguous fields converse with each other on their mutual expectations, and are united by the equality of their condition. Have you, never remarked that, in those kinds of rural labours which are performed by a number, such as hay-making, sheep-sheering, or reaping, you are sure to hear the voice of innocent merriment, notwithstanding the heat of the sun and the thirst and sweat produced by excessive fatigue?' Mr. Phillips now joined the conversation. 'I believe, sir,' said he, 'that there are certain pleasures which, to be tasted in perfection, must be enjoyed in association. In the theatre, the more crowded it is the more lively and agreeable are the emotions of the audience. This remark will equally apply to all pleasures which have their source in approbation; and what can better produce pleasure than a survey of the beauties of the face of nature? We love to partake with others in the delights of a fine day, a beautiful prospect, or the fragrance of flowers, because our enjoyment of them is not dimin-

ished by the happiness they afford to those around us.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Phillips, 'and it may be remarked that every pleasure, which loses nothing by participation, will by participation be increased. The poets have too much extolled the charms of solitude, in describing the pleasures of a country life. According to them, rural delights can never be properly enjoyed, except at a distance from mankind: but they certainly only mean those inhabitants of courts and cities, whose unfeeling and frivolous minds are insensible to the charms of nature. Indeed, an evident proof that these very poets saw the necessity of communicating this kind of pleasure in order to render our enjoyment of it complete, may be gathered from their animated descriptions of the beauties they admired, and from their endeavours to transmit the impressions received from them to posterity.' This delightful conversation was interrupted by the haymakers who were going out to work; they were accompanied by the eldest boy, who carried a rake, of which he was as proud as ever was monarch of a sceptre of royalty. 'Such,' said his mother, 'is the pleasure of beginning to be useful, and performing the noviciate of agriculture.' 'Every thing I see and hear,' said I, 'inspires me with profound respect, and most forcibly excites my admiration. With you I could wish to pass the rest of my life, which I would spend in endeavours to merit your friendship. I shall doubly value the little possessions I have in this country, on account of their contiguity to your's; and I propose to make frequent visits to enjoy the pleasure of your conversation, and be a witness to those virtues which are here united to every true enjoyment of life. Perhaps, hereafter, I may

be permitted to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance; perhaps, you may even trust me with the secret of your life, which your father-in-law seemed so desirous to reveal. I could easily perceive from the warmth of what he did say, that, if I knew more of you, and the circumstances attending your choice of this mode of life, I should only find still stronger motives of admiration and esteem. 'I cannot but believe,' answered Mrs. Phillips, 'from the manner in which you have spoken of us and our way of living, that you are superior to the prejudices of the world, and deserving of confidence.' I thanked her with so much warmth, that she appeared embarrassed, and turning to her husband, she said, 'My dear, I am going to relate the history of our affection.' Her husband tenderly and readily assenting, left us, to attend to the hay-makers. He desired his wife not to suffer me to go till his return, and appeared to quit us with regret. Mrs. Phillips having requested me to amuse myself, in the garden, for a minute or two, till she had given some orders in the house, presently returned; and, seating herself by me upon the grass-plat, thus began her narration. 'I was born in one of the southern counties of England. My family was wealthy and illustrious both from it's titles and services. The place of my birth and the name of my family must, however, be concealed. It is generally believed I am dead, and I wish that my existence may continue unknown, since it is necessary to a continuation of my happiness. I was six years of age when I unfortunately lost my mother. My father, who was fond of retirement, had a great affection for me, and having determined not to marry again, undertook, himself, the care of my education.

He was desirous to impart to me some of that knowledge which he so largely possessed; and appeared satisfied with the progress I made under his inspection. 'My father was, perhaps, not inferior to many who have been in high reputation for their literary abilities. He possessed, in an uncommon degree, freedom of thought and fortitude of mind. He was never uneasy about the consequences of a system, which he had adopted after a laborious and impartial investigation; nor ever wavered in expressions of attachment to the principles and party he had espoused. This character I inherit from him, and it has not been enfeebled by his lessons. My father was capable of feeling all the beauties of art and nature; he had a lively imagination, and an exalted soul. He was not a cultivator of that dry philosophy which curtails, degrades, and suppresses our propensities. He required one more favourable to the enthusiasm he felt for reason, virtue, and the pleasures of the imagination. Before I was eighteen my father perceived I had imbibed his propensity for pursuing knowledge. He continually amused himself with my conversation, and in me his happiness appeared to centre. He did not encourage me to accept the hand of any of my suitors, and I was too well contented with my condition to wish a change.' While Mrs. Phillips spoke thus, I was much interested, and imagined I recollected her, but an uncertainty still remained which I was impatient for her to remove. 'We always passed,' continued she, 'some part of the winter in town. It happened, on our arrival there, at the close of one of our summer excursions, that a young Scotchman offered himself to my father, as a servant. His person

was extremely agreeable, and his countenance strongly expressive of sensibility and understanding.

The lower class of people receive, as you well know, a better education in Scotland, than in any other part of Europe; and this young man had had one of the best. He at first only distinguished himself from the other domestics by an assiduous attention to his employment; we, however, soon perceived that he was beloved by all his fellow-servants, and that they were influenced by his admonitions and conduct, my father found himself better served, and every one seemed more cheerful and more happy.

'This young man was never without a book in his hand, in those intervals of leisure which his business allowed. My father saw he possessed an excellent understanding, and was desirous to assist him in it's improvement. My Lord Dorset,' said he, 'took Prior from a tavern, and he was afterwards deservedly esteemed one of our best English poets. I may, perhaps, render this man an honour to his country.' We soon after left London, and took with us our new favourite, with whom my father had frequent conversations. In one of these he learned that this youth had engaged himself as a servant in order to maintain his aged parents. This virtuous conduct so affected my father that he manifested the greatest emotion when he mentioned it to me; he proposed presenting him, immediately, with a considerable sum of money to remit to his parents; but how great was his surprise when this servant refused to accept his intended present! 'Sir,' said the young man, 'I owe a portion of my labour to my parents, and the reward I receive for it is sufficient; if they were in distress I would accept your generous offer, but

they want no more than what is in my power to procure; the fruits of my service they shall share with me; but we will never be fed by *the hand of charity!*'

'My father did not endeavour to persuade this young man to change his way of thinking; but he caused him to lay aside his ostentatious garb of servitude, and gave him the care of his library. He also appointed him to receive his rents, and by the more lucrative nature of these two employments, Phillips (for that, as you have perhaps supposed, was the name of this youth), was enabled to receive, without humiliation, the favour which my father was desirous to bestow.

'The library was an apartment to which I most frequently resorted. There I often found Phillips, and confess I began to be dissatisfied when he was not there; and he, whenever I entered, betrayed a very visible emotion, which contributed much to inspire me with those congenial sentiments, to which I owe all the happiness of life. 'I felt the influence and foresaw all the consequences of this passion; but rather exercised my understanding to encourage than to overcome it. I feared and respected the opinion and censures of the world; but, surely, said I, the barbarous notions of men have not connected natural emotions, virtue, and generosity with shame? I am determined however to indulge them, for they add a dignity to my nature. I did not, however, discover my sentiments to the object of my passion, nor did he avow his affection; my pride was not inferior to my sensibility. A character, so constituted, tho' it may not be able to resist love will at least overcome it's weakness. Mr. Phillips, on the contrary, was entirely engrossed by his passion, but it's excess produced only respect.

'I passed two years in the delightful pleasure of lov-

ing, and knowing that I was beloved in return; but I lost my father, and I know not whether I should have survived him had not my heart been filled with an affection which alone can support us under every other loss.' Here Mrs. Phillips paused and burst into tears. 'Yes,' said I to myself, 'it is not possible to entertain another doubt.' I was on the point of discovering myself, but was restrained by the fear of a deprivation of her confidence, and of losing the remainder of her story. She presently continued as follows. 'I perceived the regret of Mr. Phillips was equal to my own, and that his sorrow was increased by mine. My tears never flowed alone, and I saw in every action of his the clearest proof of the most tender regard: it was visible in his assiduites, in all that he did or said, and even in the tone of his voice. He manifested a love for me which demanded my heart, while nothing appeared which could alarm my virtue, or offend against the respect due to my rank.

'You will easily imagine I made reflections on the nature of my situation and on the submission we owe to the laws and customs of our country.

'The philosophy of my father had taught me, that many things, in high estimation with the world, are, in reality prejudices; but his philosophy, tho' sublime as his soul, had not taught me to despise them. My conversations with Mr. Phillips, turned on these subjects, so truly important in themselves, and rendered very interesting to us by our situation. Sometimes I ventured to doubt of the justice of human laws; and, consequently, of the little power they had to bind exalted and enlightened minds.

'Such suggestions Mr. Phillips would combat with earnestness, and offer a multitude of arguments which I found some difficulty in con-

troverting. I perceived, however, that when he gained some advantage in these disputes, he always appeared more dejected than usual; and I easily imagined the motive which had caused him to embrace an opinion so unfavourable to himself. I saw that my admired Phillips was entirely devoted to me; and, regardless of himself, would willingly sacrifice his dearest expectations to my happiness and honour.

'I was fond of talking to him concerning his father, the virtues of that good old man, and the serene happiness which he enjoyed in his poverty. I questioned him respecting the place of his abode, it's neighbourhood, and his employments. Mr. Phillips had a strong partiality to a country life and the care of a farm. 'He frequently mentioned my family, and how much that family, so respectable in all it's branches, deserved my regard and attachment. My relations, indeed, behaved towards me with the utmost kindness and respect, and shewed no surprise to find that, tho' I was now of age, I continued to reside in the country and remained unmarried; my love for philosophy and books was known, and it was imagined I was wholly engrossed by study and the superintendence of my estate. 'My father had now been dead nearly a year, and I had not yet left the place in which he died. I have an uncle, a man of real merit, and eminent in the House of Commons for his disinterestedness and his eloquence. One day, after having dined with me, he proposed that I should take a walk with him in the park.

'He began to preface what he had to say by talking of the friendship which had always existed between my father and himself, and that affection which they both had entertained for me. You know my son,' continued he, 'he has distinguished himself in

every kind of learning, and, since he left England, all the accounts I have received of him confirm the good opinion I entertain of his abilities and disposition; he is of the same age with yourself, and now on his return to his native country. If he might have the happiness to prove agreeable to you, your estate need not go out of the family, and I should have the pleasure of having you for a daughter instead of a niece.' 'This proposal surprised me, and spread a heaviness over my heart. I blushed, grew pale, and answered my uncle with a coldness that could not but offend him. I told him that I had no desire to marry, that I was sufficiently happy in my present condition, that if ever I chose a husband, it would not be without a long previous acquaintance, and that there were many things to which I should be more attentive in making that choice than either rank or fortune, but that whatever I did I would never forget what I owed to my family. 'My uncle desired permission to introduce his son, whom I had not seen from his infancy, who was far from disagreeable, and who, as he said, entertained a great regard for me. I replied to this second proposal with a coldness which I could scarcely justify to myself; a multitude of very different thoughts succeeded each other in my mind. 'When my uncle had taken his leave, I retired to a thick wood, where I walked about a considerable time in great agitation. At length, overwhelmed with anxiety, I threw myself upon the ground, where I sunk, into a profound reverie. At that moment Mr. Phillips, who had been looking for me, approached. I never before experienced so great a pleasure at the sight of him, nor ever felt so forcibly that I could not bear to

part from him, I communicated to him my uncle's designs, and my reluctance to displease my family, by refusing to accept such reasonable proposals.

'I certainly dwelt too long on the subject, and I shall ever reproach myself with the cruel pain to which I put my beloved Phillips. I saw him turn pale, his whole frame was seized with a trembling, he looked wild, and could scarcely articulate a syllable. "It must be so," said he, "yes, it must be so—he is a worthy young man—your relations—your rank—it must —it must be." 'I saw he was ready to burst into tears, as he looked stedfastly on me; his limbs too shook; he could scarcely support himself.

'I could now conceal my emotions no longer, I rushed forward to support the object of my affections, I threw my arms around him, as he dropped upon his knee, crying out, 'My dear husband!' At this tender and vehement exclamation he returned no answer, but, raising himself, he looked at me with inexpressible tenderness, while I continued still to repeat the words, 'My husband! my husband!' As soon as he was able to speak, he attempted to persuade me from my resolution; but I stopped him and intreated him, in the name of our mutual love, at least, to hear me. He seated himself near me; his heart was full of affection, but a thousand contending ideas and principles still marked his countenance with fear. This moment, on which depended the happiness of my life, is still present to my imagination; I have not forgotten the slightest circumstance. 'I am well aware, said I, of all you can say, and am perpared to answer. My passion is not blind and unreasonable. I know you well; I am persuaded you are the man whom nature designed for me. It is on the amiable qualities I have discovered in you that

the happiness of my future life depends; the necessity of an equality of rank is only prescribed by human conventions. You and I are, notwithstanding, well convinced that conventions should be respected when they maintain order in society. The rank in which we are born cannot be disgraced by any alliance which the prejudices of the world would condemn: yet it is a step which cannot fail to be punished with contempt; a contempt which tho' unjust, I feel I should be unable to encounter.

'Ought the law of nature to yield to the interests of society? However we have it in our power to obey the impulse of our hearts, and also to shew that respect to it which the prejudices of the world demand. The death of my parents has put me in possession of two thousand pounds per annum, and three thousand in ready money; I will resign my estate, only preserving the latter sum, to live with you.

'Here Mr. Phillips attempted to interrupt me. He proposed we should live single. No, said I, that would be to offend against the law of nature. But why should we not marry? To preserve my possessions? They cannot make me rich in my present rank; but, if I descend to your situation in life, even the fortune I mean to retain will be sufficient. If I marry my cousin we shall be but moderately rich, for people of our condition; but I can render you very opulent as a farmer. I will presently set out for London and have a report spread that I am dead. The law will dispose of my estate to the family of my cousin, and we will return to Scotland, with what I have reserved for myself, and obtain your father's permission to marry. 'Mr. Phillips kneeled at my feet, conjured me to defer the execution of such a plan, and to consider whether I should not repent

of my inconsiderate decision. 'No,' replied I, 'I have maturely weighed every consequence. What can I regret? What pleasures can riches bestow which nature will not supply in the way of life I have preferred? Will not the real landscape delight as much as the imitations of it by the painter's art, or can silk and diamonds be necessary to happiness? We shall enjoy every convenience which nature can require, and superfluity is only necessary to indolence? 'As to the loss of present connexions, how can I regret them when I shall become the daughter of your father and the mother of your children? Mr. Phillips loved and esteemed me too much to doubt, any longer, that I should be happy in this new condition of life, which I was so desirous to embrace. I shall not attempt to describe either his joy and gratitude, or my own delight, when I had prevailed on him to accept my offer. Never did any one feel a greater pleasure in the sudden acquisition of a fortune, than I did in renouncing mine.

'After having made the necessary arrangements, we set out for London, where I caused a report to be circulated that I was dead. It will not be necessary to relate all the artifices employed to render it probable and give it credit. 'At length we returned to Scotland. It is now seven years since I first entered this beloved retirement, and embraced, for the first time, that excellent old man whom you now see sitting upon that stone, enjoying the early rays of the sun, and endeavouring to recal some portion of his former vigour, by the reviving influences of the season. 'Receive,' said, I 'your daughter, who comes to render your old age cheerful, and devote herself to promote the happiness of your son. You, my husband, shall instruct me in every part of my new oc-

cupation, and I have no doubt but you will find me a frugal manager, and that those who depend on me, and those on whom I have the pleasure to depend, will be equally contented. 'The old man was transported with joy, and this reverse in his fortune may, perhaps, have prolonged his life. He now bought the farm which he had before only rented; our marriage was concluded, and, from the moment I assumed the name and condition of the man I love, one hour has not passed in which I have not blessed my good fortune. We are happy, and may reasonably flatter ourselves that we shall continue so, for the term which nature usually permits. 'Mr. Phillips and myself endeavour only to employ our knowledge, our love of letters, and my father's philosophy, to give new strength to our enjoyments. We are attentive to procure every pleasure which our situation affords, and to heighten their relish. The most usual sources of discontent, among mankind, are occasioned by a continual pursuit of pleasures not adapted to their situations, a neglect of those within their reach, and a want of conformity in their ideas and desires to their condition and character. Into this error we have not fallen. We never lose our time in vain researches, or useless wishes; nor do we ever forget to enjoy the happiness within our reach. The testimony of a good conscience, our mutual affection, and the benevolent bounties we receive from nature, insure our felicity. We cultivate that philosophy which inspires us with the love of virtue; and, tho' we should be mistaking, we consider those illusions as innocent and pleasing which exalt and purify the soul. We wholly reject that species of philosophy which degrades human nature, and extinguishes in the mind the enthusiasm of humanity

and virtue; we wish to preserve, in all their force and all their charms, the rapturous sympathies of love and friendship. 'There is, no doubt, always a species of illusion in these sensations, if carried to excess; we do not believe ourselves perfect, but we aim at becoming so. We heighten the enjoyment of the good we possess, by the hope of what is better. We are contented with the present, and transported with the prospect of futurity. The better to preserve this internal love for virtue, we frequently peruse the novels of Richardson. We, likewise, often read the poets; among whom we prefer those who treat of the country, in which we live; and the beauties of nature which we love. 'Rural poetry is particularly pleasing, when we have the objects it describes before our eyes. The enthusiasm of the poet always increases the enthusiasm of the spectator, and prevents it's being extinguished by too great a familiarity with the objects by which it is excited. Poetry inspires us with respect and love for the ancient and venerable arts of agriculture, for our occupation, and the scenes amid which we reside. 'We frequently say to ourselves, here would Homer and Virgil have been delighted. Here would Tibullus have sung the beauties of his Delia, and celebrated the charms of that inspiring wood, and this delicious valley. It was in the country that Haller and Gessner composed their exquisite poems. Those great men preferred our way of life to every other. Poets, and all writers, whose descriptions are vivid, and abound in feeling and imagery, give new force to the charms of sensibility; and, in such indulgences our reason and our senses combine to make us happy. 'This I apprehend is to make a proper use of philosophy, which too often degenerates into subtlety and affectation. It has

too often rendered man ridiculous, instead of proving his consolation, and directing him to a happiness adapted to his station of life. Such was the philosophy of my father, and such is our's. We educate our children in these principles; they enjoy the delights fitted to infancy and youth, and we participate in their pleasures.' I frequently wished to interrupt Mrs. Phillips and to make myself known to her, but she spoke with so much energy and rapidity that I had no opportunity. No sooner did she pause, than, yielding to the effusions of the heart, and seizing one of her hands, I exclaimed, 'Oh, happy Miss Thornton! and doubly happy Mrs. Phillips!' Immediately, as I pronounced her *maiden* name, she hastily rose—'Heavens!' exclaimed she, 'what can this mean?' 'You see before you,' answered I, 'that very relation who loved you from your infancy, and who has long mourned your loss. Blush not that you have avowed so tender a passion for a virtuous man. You have left me your fortune, which I am ready to restore. Let me conjure you to accept it. But whatever resolution you form, be certain of inviolable secrecy.' I found no small difficulty in appeasing Mrs. Phillips, who could not forgive herself for having placed so much confidence in me; but she would by no means consent to receive back her estate, and her husband, who came in, a moment afterwards, being informed of all that had passed, coincided with her in opinion. 'Survey,' said she, 'our house and grounds, and say if any thing seems wanting which may conduce to our happiness. Are not our apartments commodious; our furniture neat and useful, and our table plentiful? If we possessed greater riches we should no longer pursue our present occupations with the same delight; we should find

less pleasure in labour; amusement would occupy the place of useful employment, and what diverted us one hour would disgust the next. Should we cease to cultivate our fields and tend our flocks, we should no longer know the pleasing expectation of plentiful harvests and rich fleeces. We should look on the country, then become less valuable to us, with indifference. And who knows but a softer enthusiasm, which is the delight of our hearts, would be extinguished together with that which nature inspires? Our sentiments, perfectly suited to and connected with our condition, are the sources of our happiness: that happiness may depend on an arrangement and combination of circumstances, which change might destroy.' All my endeavours to persuade my virtuous relations to suffer me to restore them their possessions were without effect; but they promised me their friendship, and that I should frequently hear from them, urging me to pass some days in every year with them at the farm. I took my leave of this amiable and intelligent pair, with tears. I am convinced that reason and happiness are yet to be found in this bad world. May I profit from this conviction to become *rational*, and I shall then become happy! The estate I possess, near that most pleasant spot, has acquired a double value, in my esteem, from the alliance I have formed with this excellent family; I shall rebuild the house, and frequently reside there. As to the possessions which are the right of Mrs. Phillips, I shall not apply them to my own use; the rents they produce shall be distributed among our poorer relations, and the estate shall one day return to the children of this happy and amiable pair.

THE INDIAN COTTAGE.

From the French of
JAMES HENRY BERNARDIN
DE SAINT-PIERRE.

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PREFACE.

The reader is here presented with a little Indian Tale, which contains more truths than many volumes of history. At first, I intended it, by way of supplement to the relation of a Voyage to the Isle of France, published in 1773, which I mean to have reprinted with additions. When I speak there of the Indians of that island, I wished to unite a picture of their manners to those of the continent, from some very interesting notices which I had procured. To the historical anecdote which I intended to form the beginning, I added, by way of episode, an account of several learned Englishmen, who were sent thirty years ago, into various parts of the world, to collect information tending to the improvement of various branches of science. I spoke particularly of those who went to India, to trace the progress of truth; but as this is an episode, forming a detached part of the work, I thought proper to publish it separately.

I here declare that I have no intention to ridicule academies in general; tho' they have given me cause of complaint. Not indeed in any thing of a personal nature; but on account of the interest of truth, which is often injured by their opposing systems. I am under many obligations to several learned Englishmen, who without knowing me, and purely from a love of science, have honoured my "Studies of Nature" with the most flattering marks of their approbation. The character which I have given of one of their associates is an unequivocal proof of my esteem for the learned of that nation, who are entitled to the grati-

tude of all mankind: they encounter the dangers of travelling in all countries, in hopes to return with acquisitions of knowledge to improve their own. I consider the voyages of Cook and Banks as an honour to the human race. The first has been imitated by Denmark, and the second by France; but both were unsuccessful; for out of twelve learned Danish travellers one alone returned to his own country, and we have received no intelligence of two French ships of war sent out on that mission of humanity, under the command of the unfortunate de la Perouse. It is not science itself which I condemn, but I wish those associations of learned men to know that their ambition, their jealousy, and their prejudices, are too often impediments to their success. My intention is to relieve the unfortunate, and I extend this sentiment to all mankind. If philosophy was formerly brought from India to Europe, why should it not return from polished Europe to degenerated India? There is at Calcutta a society of learned Englishmen, [the Asiatic society,] who may perhaps, in time, destroy the prejudices of India, and by this benefit make some compensation for the evils occasioned there by the wars and trade of the Europeans.

The better to recommend my arguments, I have cloathed them in fiction. It is through the medium of tales that mankind are rendered attentive to the truth. It has been asserted, with more wit than reason, that fable had it's birth in the despotic governments of the east, where it was necessary that truth should be veiled when presented to tyrants; but I doubt whether a sultan would not be more offended in seeing himself depicted as an owl or a leopard, than after nature; and whether truths of deduction

would not wound him as much as if directly told. Sir Thomas Rowe, who was English ambassador to the court of Selim-Cha, the Mogul emperor, related that this very despotic prince ordered that the trunks sent from England to the ambassador should be opened in his presence, that he might take out some gifts intended for himself, when he was greatly surprised in finding a picture of a Venus leading a Satyr by the nose. He imagined that the horned and black satyr, was meant to deride the Asiatics, who are of a dark complexion, and that the Venus leading the satyr by the nose, was an emblem of the power which women in that country exercise over the men. Thomas Rowe had much trouble in removing the impression made by this picture on the mind of the Mogul, by explaining to him what we understand by fables, and he earnestly requested the India directors in England, never to send another allegoric picture, because the princes, he told them, regarded such pictures with suspicion. All fables, therefore, invented for despotic Kings, should be contrived to flatter them. A taste for fables is certainly diffused every where, but much more in free than in despotic countries. Savage nations found all their traditions on fables; there is no country in which they have been more common than in Greece, where all the objects of nature, politics, and religion, were represented by metamorphosis. Many of the most illustrious families reckon some animal in enumerating their ancestors, and acknowledge as their relations, bulls, swans, nightingales, turtle-doves, rooks, and magpies. It is observable, that the English have a particular taste for allegory, in their literature, tho' with them, truth is freely communicated. The Asi-

atics had the same value for fables in the time of Esop and Lockman; but fabulists, at present, do not exist there. It is among nations who approach the nearest to a state of nature, and consequently the most free, who adorn truth with fables; it is from an effect of that very love of truth, which is implanted by nature in their minds. Truth is to the mind what natural light is to the body; the one enlightens the objects, the other shews us their relations and dependencies; and the union of both is the perfection of science. Hence, as all light derives it's origin from the sun, so all truth is derived from God, of whom that luminary is the most sensible image. Few are able to support the pure light of the Sun; hence, Nature, as a relief to the weakness of our sight, has given us eye-lids for occasional veils, as she has planted the earth with forests of trees, the green leaves of which afford thin and tranquil shades; she has spread over the heavens cloudy vapours, to soften the vivid light of the radiant day. In like manner, few men are capable of comprehending pure metaphysical truths. On account of the weakness of our understanding, nature has provided ignorance to obscure the mind as our eye-lids over-shade our eyes. Being ignorant, the soul gradually expands to the perceptions of truth; but admits only what is supportable, obscuring it by fables, which are so many sheltering places from whence it may be examined; and in advancing to the Deity, we veil him in allegory and mystery in order to support his brightness. We could not see the light of the sun did it not rest on bodies or on clouds. Beyond our own atmosphere, we should be blinded with excess of light. It is the same with respect to truth, which we should never comprehend

were it not through the medium of sensible objects, or were it not explained by metaphors and comparisons; as a compact body casts forth a shade. Our understandings cannot fix on truths purely metaphysical; we are overpowered by those which emanate from the Deity, and can only comprehend those which rest on his works. It is on this account that the language of civilized nations, being full of vague and abstract ideas, expresses nothing; while that of simple and uncultivated people is very expressive, because it abounds with similies and images. The first are in the habit of concealing their opinions, the latter of communicating them. Clouds, dispersed in a thousand fantastic forms, often decompose the rays of the sun, in tints richer and more varied, than those which colour the regular works of nature. So fable reflects truth in a more extensive manner than the history of real events. It can be transported into all the kingdoms of nature; appropriated to animals, trees, elements, and extract light from a thousand sources. Thus the rays of the sun play, at the bottom of the waters, without diminution, reflecting thence the various objects upon the earth and in the heavens, in a manner so harmonious as to increase their beauty. Ignorance, therefore, is as necessary to truth as shade is to light; the first forms the harmony of our minds, as the second that of our sight.

Moralists always confound ignorance with error. Ignorance, considered as detached from truth, is a state of mental repose; it enables us to forget past evils, disguises the present, and blinds us to the future: in a word, it must be a good, since it originates in nature. Error, on the contrary, is the work of man; it is always an evil; a false light, which

shines but to mislead. I compare it to the light of a fire, which destroys the habitations it illuminates. It is remarkable that there is not a single evil, moral or physical, which has not it's foundation in error. Tyrannies, slavery, and wars, are founded on political and sacred errors; for the tyrants who propagate them to establish their own power, always derive their motives from the Deity, or from some virtue, in order to make them respectable in the eyes of men. It is, however, very easy to distinguish error from truth. Truth is a natural light which shines freely throughout all the earth, since it comes from God. Error is an artificial glare, which requires to be continually supplied, and can never be universal, for it is the work of man. Truth is a benefit to all mankind, error is profitable only to a few, and injurious to the majority; because individual interest acts in opposition to the general good. We should be careful not to confound fable with error. Fable is the veil of truth, and error is it's phantom. Fables were invented for amusement; notwithstanding, however innocent they may be in design, they become dangerous when they assume the likeness of error; that is to say, when they are applied to the profit of individuals. For example, it is of little importance that in former times the moon was called Diana, and represented as an immaculate virgin, who presided over the chace. This allegory was intended to signify that the light of the moon enabled hunters to spread their snares to entrap their prey, and that the exercise of the chace subdues the passion of love. There was no great harm in dedicating to her the pine-trees of the forests;* as the hunters frequently

* In like manner, the oak was dedicated to Jupiter, the Olive-tree to Minerva, the pine to Pan, the laurel to Apollo, the myrtle to Venus, &c.

assembled under it's shade. There was no great mischief in suspending to it the head of the wolf, by way of soliciting the protection of Diana. But when the entire skin was hung, it suggested to people the idea of profit. They built a chapel to the goddess, and offered not only the skins of beasts but entire sheep, as the means of preserving the rest of the flock from the wolves. The offerings became numerous, and were increased by the heads of some monstrous wild-boars, which had rooted up the vines, and alarmed all the dogs and children in the neighbourhood. The hunters attracted furriers to the place, and the furriers allured merchants. These soon constructed a village around the chapel; and as the people were credulous, oracles were instituted. The oracles predicted victories, and kings sent rich presents. Then the chapel became a church, and the village a city, in

Trees were likewise consecrated to demi-gods and to heroes: the poplar was the tree of Hercules. Lastly, nymphs, shepherds, and shepherdesses, shared the rest of vegetation: the jealous Clytia gave her yellowness and attitude to the sun-flower; Adonis stained with his blood the flower which bears his name; and so of others. Plants, and especially trees, were the earliest monuments of mankind. I have accordingly made two cocoa trees, in the Isle of France, to serve as monuments of the birth of Paul and Virginia, without taking that idea from a celebrated modern poet, who complained, without reason, of my having done so. He is sufficiently rich in original ideas to admit of being borrowed from; but if that thought were not conformable to nature, I could have found it, like him, in the ancients, who were his models. It is very common, among botanists, to determine with new plants, the epochs of friendship and gratitude, by making them bear the names of their patrons and their favourites. In fine, astronomers have extended this sentiment to the stars, and navigators, to the countries, rivers, and islands that they discovered, and to which they give the names of saints, kings, generals; the events, the conquests, and the massacres, of which they wish to preserve the recollection. While the greatest part of the objects of the earth and the heavens serve as monuments to the passions of men, and frequently to their madness, why might I not be permitted the thought of consecrating, in a forest, two trees, to innocence and maternal love?

which were priests, magistrates, and legal authorities. They levied taxes on the people, to build magnificent temples like that of Ephesus; and as the human mind is more governed by fear than confidence, to render the worship of Diana completely formidable, they offered up human sacrifices. Thus an allegory, invented for the instruction of the people, became a misfortune to them, when perverted to the emolument of a city and a temple. Truth itself becomes destructive to mankind, when it erects a temple. What a difference between the toleration of the evangelists and the intolerance of the inquisition! between the precept given by Jesus to his disciples, of merely shaking off the dust of their feet, in those houses where they were denied admittance, or the mild displeasure which he expresses when asked to call fire from heaven, and the destruction of the native Indians of America, or the burning piles of Auto-da-fé! There was, in the gallery of the Thuilleries, at the right side of the entrance into the Garden, an Ionic column, which the celebrated architect Blondel pointed out to his pupils, as a perfect model. He made them observe that all the succeeding columns gradually diminished in beauty. "The first," said he, "is the work of a truly great sculptor, the others have been copied by artists of inferior genius, who lost some part of his proportions and graces: He who formed the second imitated the first tolerably well, but he who made the third, copied only the second; one copied the other, and the last exhibited but few of the perfections of the original. I have often compared the Gospel to that beautiful column of the Thullieries, and the works of ancient commentators to those of the other columns in the gallery. But

if we were to pursue the succession down to those of our own times, what shapeless columns would be offered to our view! and, in the storms of life, who could rely on them for support? Truth being a ray of celestial illumination, it will enlighten all mankind, provided they do not shut their eyes against it. In every department associations are established for propagating the truth, but they think only of private advantage, substituting the light of their own feeble tapers or dark lanterns. They even go so far, when they have power, as to persecute those who have found it; and when they have not, still they oppose an inert force to counteract it's progress. On account of such contentions, those most attached to truth frequently remove from men and towns. Such are the principles which I have wished to pourtray in the following little work. Fortunate shall I deem myself if I can contribute to the happiness of one of my countrymen, by describing a paria in his Indian cottage.

THE INDIAN COTTAGE.

About thirty years since there was formed at London, a Society of learned English, who undertook to go into various quarters of the world, and search for illustrations of the abtruse parts of the sciences, in order that mankind might be enlightened and rendered more happy. Their expenses were to be defrayed by the subscriptions of a society of their countrymen, composed of merchants, lords, bishops, members of the universities, and the royal family of England; to whom were added several Sovereigns of the north of Europe. These learned men were twenty in number, to each of whom the royal society of London gave a volume, containing a list of the questions, the solutions whereof was the object of their pursuits. These questions amounted to the number of 3500. Tho' they all differed with relation to each of these learned men, and adapted to the countries in which they were to travel, yet they were all connected, so that if any light was thrown on one, it would necessarily tend to illustrate others. The president of the Royal Society, who with the assistance of his associates, had digested them, was certain that the explanation of one difficulty depends frequently on the solution of another, and that on the one which preceded it. In our researches after truth, we are in this manner carried much farther than we expected. In short, to make use of the expressions employed by the president himself in their instructions, 'it was the

most superb encyclopædal edifice ever raised by any nation for the improvement of human knowledge; and fully proves,' added he, 'the utility of learned men assembling, in order to collect the truths which are scattered through all the world, and of reducing them to a system. Each of these learned travellers, had besides his volume of questions to be resolved, a commission to purchase, in the course of his journey, the most ancient editions of the bible, and the scarcest manuscripts of every description, or at least to spare no pains in procuring good copies. For this purpose, their patrons had procured for each traveller, letters of recommendation to the consuls, ministers, and ambassadors of Great-Britain, whom they might meet with on their route; and, what was still better, with good bills of exchange, endorsed by the most respectable bankers of London. The most learned of these doctors, who knew Hebrew, Arabic, and the Hindoo languages, was sent, by land, to the East Indies, the cradle of all the arts and sciences. He set out by way of Holland, and visited successively the synagogue of Amsterdam, and the synod of Dort; in France, the Sorbonne, and academy of sciences at Paris; in Italy, numerous academies, museums, and libraries; among others the museum of Florence, the library of St. Mark, at Venice; and that of the Vatican at Rome. While at the last city, he hesitated whether, before he bent his course eastward, he should go into Spain, to consult the celebrated university of Salamanca; but, in fear of the Inquisition, he choose rather to embark directly for Turkey. He accordingly arrived at Constantinople, where by the power of his money, an Effendi allowed him to ex-

amine minutely all the books of the mosque of Sainte-Sophia. Thence he passed into Egypt, among the Cophts; he then visited the Maronites of Mount Lebanon, the monks of Mount Cassin; thence to Sana in Arabia; afterwards to Ispahan, to Kondabar, Delhi, Agra: in fine, after a painful journey of three years, he arrived on the banks of the Ganges at Benares, the Athens of India, where he conferred with the Bramins. His collection of ancient editions of original books, of rare manuscripts, of copies, extracts, and annotations of various kinds, was at that time the largest which an individual had ever made. Let it suffice to say, that it composed fourscore and ten bales, weighing together nine thousand five hundred and forty pounds troy. He was on the point of embarking for London with this rich cargo of information, elated with joy from the idea of having surpassed the expectations of the Royal Society, when a very simple reflection occurred, which overwhelmed him with vexation. He reflected, that after having conversed with Jewish Rabbins, protestant ministers, superintendants of Lutheran churches, catholic doctors, the academicans of Paris, La Crusca, the Arcadi, and of twenty-four others, the most celebrated academies of Italy, the Greek papas, the Turkish molhas, the Armenion verbiests, the Persian seydres, and casis, the Arabian scheics, the ancient parsis, the Indian pandects, so far from having cleared up any one of the three thousand five hundred questions of the Royal Society, he had contributed only to multiply doubts; and as all the subjects were dependent on each other, it followed, contrary to what the illustrious president had suggested, that the obscurity of one solution darkened the evidence

of another, that truths the most apparent had thus been rendered entirely problematic, and that it was even impossible to disengage one from that vast labyrinth of contradictory answers and authorities in which it was entangled. The doctor immediately perceived how the matter stood. Among the questions to be resolved, two hundred related to the theology of the Hebrews; four hundred and fourscore to the different communions of the Greek and Roman churches; three hundred and twelve to the ancient religion of the Bramins; five hundred and eight to the Sanscrit or sacred language; three to the present state of the Indians; two hundred and eleven to the commerce of the English with the Indies; seven hundred and twenty-nine to the ancient monuments of the Elephanta and Salsette isles, in the vicinity of Bombay; five to the antiquity of the world; six hundred and seventy-three to the origin of ambergrise and the properties of the different species of bezoards; one to the unexplored cause of the course of the Indian ocean, which flows six months towards the east, and six months towards the west; and three hundred and seventy-eight to the sources and periodic inundations of the Ganges. On this important business, the doctor was solicited to collect, on his route, all the information he could, relating to the sources and inundations of the Nile; a subject which has engaged the attention of the European naturalists for many ages. But he concluded that this matter had been amply discussed, and was somewhat foreign to his mission. Now, on each of the questions proposed by the Royal Society, he brought, on an average, six different solutions, which, for the three thousand five hundred questions, amounted to

17500 answers: and supposing that each of his nineteen colleagues should exhibit as many on their parts, it followed, that the Royal Society would have 350,000 difficulties to resolve, before they would be able to establish, on a solid foundation, one single truth. Thus the entire collected information, far from causing each proposition to converge towards one common point, agreeably to the object of the instructions, rendered them, on the contrary, so dissimilar, that they could not be connected. Another reflection which gave still greater uneasiness to the doctor, was, that tho' he had employed in his laborious researches all the cool discrimination imputed to his countrymen, and a politeness peculiar to himself; yet he had made implacable enemies of most of the learned men with whom he had argued. "How much," said he, "shall I disappoint the hopes of my compatriots, when I take to them, in my fourscore and ten bales, new subjects of doubt and disputation, instead of the truth. He was on the point of embarking for England, oppressed by perplexity and weariness, when the bramins of Benaries informed him that the superior bramin of the famous pagoda of Jagernat, situated on the coast of Orixa, on the sea-shore, near one of the estuaries of the Ganges, was the only person existing, capable of resolving all the questions proposed by the Royal Society of London. He was indeed esteemed the most celebrated pandect or doctor, ever heard of; and was applied to for advice from all the regions of India, and from many kingdoms of Asia. The learned Englishman, therefore, determined to set out immediately for Calcutta. But he previously acquainted the Governor-General, under the East India Company, with his de-

sign, who, for the honour of his country and the reputation of the sciences, provided for his conveyance to Jagrenat, a palanquin or carriage, shaded by a canopy of crimson silk, with tassels of gold, and two changes of vigourous *coulis* or bearers of four men each; two porters; a water-carrier, and another with a water-bottle, by way of occasional refreshment; a pipe-bearer; an umbrella-holder, to screen our traveller from the sun by day, and a torch-bearer for the night; a wood-cutter; two cooks, two camels and their conductors, for carrying his provisions and baggage; two running footmen, to announce his approach; four sepoys, mounted on Persian horses, to escort him; and a standard-bearer, exhibiting a flag on which was emblazoned the arms of England. With this splendid retinue the doctor might have passed for a commissary of the East-India company. In reality there was however this difference, that the doctor, instead of going to receive, was directed to dispose of presents. As no one appears in India empty handed, before persons in dignified situations, the Governor had given him, at the expense of the nation, a fine telescope, and a Persian carpet, for the chief of the bramins; some superb shawls for his wife; and three pieces of red, white, and yellow Chinese taffeta, to make scarfs for his disciples. These presents being put up with the other packages and laid upon the camels, the doctor set out in his palanquin, with the book of the Royal Society under his especial care. As he passed along, he considered with which of the questions he should open the conference with the chief of the Bramins of Jagernat; whether he ought to begin with one of the 378 which related to the sources and inundations of the Ganges; or with that

respecting the alternate and half yearly current of the Indian seas, which if ascertained, might lead to a discovery of the sources and periodic movements of the ocean in every other part of the globe. He reflected, however, that tho' this question affected the Science of Physics infinitely more than all which had been examined for several centuries, respecting the sources and overflowing of the Nile, yet it had not hitherto engaged the attention of the European literati. He determined, therefore, to interrogate the Bramin on the subject of the universality of the deluge, which had excited much contention; or, recurring to more remote periods, enquire into the truth of the sun having several times changed his course, rising in the west and setting towards the east; according to the traditions of the Egyptian priests, as detailed by Heroditus; and also on the epoch of the creation of the earth, to which the Indians attribute an antiquity of several millions of years. Sometimes, he thought that it would be of more general utility to consult him relating to the best form of government which a nation could adopt, and respecting the natural rights of man, of which no code exists; but these last questions were not in his book.

Nevertheless, said the doctor, before every thing, it appears to me proper to demand of the Indian Pandect, by what means can truth be found; for if it be by the use of reason, which is the medium I have always employed, reason varies among all mankind. I must also ask where truth is to be sought; because if we refer to books they eternally contradict each other; and, finally, whether truth should be communicated to mankind without distinction; for no sooner do we publish it, than we are embroiled in

contentions. Of these three preliminary questions our illustrious President had not thought. If the bramin of Jagernat can resolve these, I shall possess a key to all the sciences, and what is still of more importance, I shall live in peace with all the world.

It was thus that the doctor reasoned with himself. After a journey of ten days, he arrived on the borders of the gulf of Bengal. He met on his rout great numbers of people who were returning from Jagrenat, all enchanted with the wisdom of the Chief of the pandects, whom they had been consulting. The eleventh day, at sun-rising, he perceived the famous pagoda of Jagrenat, built on the borders of the sea, over which, (with it's gigantic red walls and galleries, it's domes and turrets of white marble) it seemed to domineer. It rose in the centre of nine avenues of large evergreen trees, which diverged towards the same number of kingdoms. Each of these avenues were formed of a different species of trees; namely, the Arekea palm, the teak, the cocoa, the manguier, the latanier, the camphire, the bambou, the badimier, the sandal; and they lead towards Ceylon, Golconda, Arabia, Persia, Thibet, China, the kingdom of Ava, the kingdom of Siam, and to the islands of the Indian ocean. The doctor arrived at the pagoda through the avenue of the bamboos, which borders the Ganges and the charming islands which are situated near it's mouth. This magnificent erection, reared upon a plain, is so high, that tho' he perceived it in the morning, it was night ere he reached to it's vicinity. When he examined it nearly, he was exceedingly struck with it's magnificence and grandeur. The gates of brass reflected the rays of the setting sun, with a dazling splendour; and eagles

soared around it's summit, which was lost in the clouds. It was encircled by immense basons of white marble, which from their transparent waters reflected it's domes, galleries, and gates; these were surrounded by capacious courts, and gardens, in which were extensive buildings for the accommodation of the officiating bramins. The doctor's servants hastened to proclaim his approach, and immediately a company of young girls came from one of the gardens to meet him, dancing and singing to the music of tabours. Their necks were gracefully adorned with wreaths of the *mougris*-flower, and their waists with girdles formed of the red-jasmine. The doctor amid grateful perfumes, their dances, and music, advanced to the entrance of the pagoda, at the extremity of which, he perceived, by the splendour of many lamps of gold and silver, the statue of Jagernat, whom they accounted the seventh incarnation of Brama, in form of a pyramid, without feet and hands, which he had lost in an attempt to save the world by carrying it away: [See Kircher,] at his feet were prostrated, with their faces to the earth, a number of penitents, of whom some loudly promised to be hooked by their shoulders to his car, on the return of the day on which his festival is held; and others to place themselves under it's wheels and be crushed to pieces. Tho' the sight of these fanatics, who uttered deep lamentations as they pronounced their horrible vows, inspired some degree of terror, the doctor was preparing to enter the pagoda, when an aged bramin, who guarded the door, ordered him to stop, and demanded what was the object of his visit; which being answered, he said to the doctor, That considering he was a *frangui* or *impure*, he

could not be presented either before Jagrenat or his high-priest, till he had washed three times in one of the lavers of the temple? nor till he had disposed of every thing about him which was a part of any animal; but particularly of cow's hair, which is held sacred; and of the hair of swine, an animal which the bramins abominate. "In what manner shall I act, then?" replied the doctor. "I bring as a present, to the Chief of the bramins a Persian carpet made of the hair of the Angora goat, and stuffs from China which are of silk." "All things," resumed the bramin, offered in the temple of Jagernat, or to his high-priest, are purified by the mere circumstance of presentation, but with respect to your habiliments, this cannot be offered in excuse." It was therefore necessary that the doctor should take off his woollen coat, his goat-skin shoes, and his beaver hat. The old bramin then subjected him to a triple ablution, clothed him in sandal coloured cotton, and conducted him to the entrance of the apartment where presided the bramin Chief. The doctor was going to enter, holding under his arm the book of questions by the Royal Society, when his conductor demanded to know with what material the book was covered. "It is bound in calf," answered the doctor. "Astonishing!" cried the bramin, "did I not inform you that the cow was venerated by the bramins? and will you dare to present yourself to their Chief carrying a book covered with a calf-skin? The doctor would have been compelled to undergo a purification in the Ganges, had he not qualified his crime by giving some pieces of gold to his conductor. He then left his book of questions in his palanquin, and consoled himself by thinking that he had only three enquiries

to make, and should be perfectly satisfied if the Indian doctor would inform him by what means the truth may be sought, where it may be found, and whether it may be communicated to others. When the English doctor, was clothed in a garment of cotton, and his head and feet uncovered, the old bramin introduced him to the high-priest of Jagrenat, who was in an extensive saloon, supported by columns of sandal-wood. The walls were green being stuccoed with a composition mingled with cow's dung, so brilliantly polished that they reflected objects like a mirror. The floor was covered with very fine mats, each six feet square. At the end of the saloon, was a level place, surrounded by a bulustrade of ebony; from this recess was obtained, through a varnished lattice of Indian cane, an imperfect view of the venerable Chief of the pandects, with his white beard, and three strings of cotton passing like a belt over his shoulder, according to the custom of the bramins. He was seated upon a yellow carpet, with his legs crossed, and was so perfectly immovable, that his very eyes appeared fixed. Some of his disciples were driving away the flies which would have disturbed him, with fans made of peacock's feathers; others were burning perfumes of aloes-wood, in censers of silver; and others were playing most exquisitely on the dulcimer; the rest were numerous, among whom appeared faquers, joghis, and santons, arranged in several rows, on both sides of the hall, profoundly silent, their eyes fixed on the earth, and their arms crossed upon their breasts. The doctor was now desirous of approaching the Chief of the pandects, in order to make his complimentary oration; but his conductor retained him at the distance of nine

mats, saying that the omrahs or grand seigniors of India, were not allowed to advance nearer; that the rajahs or sovereigns, approached only to the sixth mat; the princes, sons of the Mogul, to the third; and that the great Mogul only was allowed the honour of so near an accession to the venerable Chief as to kiss his feet. Several bramins, during this time, carried to the bottom of the recess, the telescope, the superb shawls, the pieces of silk, and the carpet, which the doctor's attendants had deposited at the door of the saloon; the old bramin having cast his eyes on them, but without the least sign of approbation, they were removed into the interior of the apartments. The English doctor was now going to commence a most grand address, in the Hindoo language, when his master of ceremonies prevented him, by saying that he must wait till the high-priest should begin to interrogate. He accordingly directed him to sit down, with his legs crossed like a tailor, according to the custom of the country. The doctor murmured to himself at so many formalities; but what may not be endured when the object is the attainment of truth, and after having travelled to India in search of it. As soon as the doctor was seated, the music ceased, and after some moments of profound silence, the Chief of the pandects put forth this question: "What is the object of your journey to Jagrenat?" Tho' the high-priest of Jagrenat spoke in the Hindoo language, so audibly as to be heard by the greatest part of the assembly, his words were conveyed by a faquir, who delivered them to another, and that other to a third, who repeated them to the doctor. He replied in the same language, "That the great reputation of the Chief of

the bramins had brought him to Jagrenat, to learn from him what are the best *means* of attaining the truth." The doctor's answer was conveyed to the Chief of the pandects by the same interlocutors who had been charged with the question; and in this manner was the rest of the dialogue conducted. After the Sage of the pandects had made a short pause, he said, "The truth can be known only through the medium of the bramins." Immediately the whole assembly bowed, in admiration of this answer. "But *where* is the truth to be sought?" retorted the English doctor, with earnestness. "All truth," added the ancient Indian priest, "is shut up in the four Beths, written in the Schanscrit language, a hundred and twenty thousand years since, which the bramins only understand." At these words, the saloon reechoed with applauses. The doctor, recovering his coolness, said to the high-priest of Jagrenat: "As God has shut up all truth in books understood only by the bramins, it follows that God has interdicted this knowledge from the greatest part of mankind, who do not know that such a race of beings, as the bramins, exists: now were this as you represent, God would be unjust. "Such is the will of Brama," retorted the high-priest. "Nothing can he opposed to the will of Brama." The applauses of the assembly redoubled. When the noise had subsided, the Englishman proposed his third question; namely, "Should truth, when it is discovered, be freely communicated?" "Often," said the ancient Pandect, "it is most prudent to conceal it from the world in general, but it is a duty to disclose it to the bramins." "What!" cried the enraged English doctor, "is the truth to be discovered to bram-

ins only, who never disclose it to others? truly the bramins are guilty of the greatest injustice." At these words, a violent tumult arose in the assembly. They had heard the Deity taxed with injustice without any symptoms of displeasure; but the case was altered when the same reproach was applied to themselves. The pandects, the faquers, the joghis, the santons, the bramins and their disciples, were all desirous of arguing with the English doctor; when the high-priest of Jagrenat put an end to the disorder, by clapping his hands, and saying very distinctly, "The Bramins never dispute, as the European doctors." Having risen, he retired, amid the acclamations of the congregation, who murmured loudly against the doctor, and perhaps would have treated him ill, had they not feared the English, whose power on the banks of the Ganges was well known. The doctor having quitted the saloon, his conductor said, "Our venerable father, would have ordered to be presented to you sherbet, betel, and perfumes, as is usual on such occasions, but you have displeased him." "It is I who have been insulted," replied the doctor, "it is I who have taken ineffectual pains. Of what can your Chief pretend to complain?" "How!" cried his conductor, "have you not dared to dispute with him who is the oracle of India? with him who breathes intellectual illumination with every word he utters?" "It cannot by any means be doubted," said the doctor putting on, in haste, his coat, shoes and hat. The day being tempestuous and night approaching; he requested permission to remain till the morning in one of the apartments of the pagoda; but he was denied every accommodation there on account of being a frangui,

The fatigue of the ceremony having caused thirst, he asked for something to drink. They brought him water in a little pitcher, which they broke to pieces as soon as he had drank, because he had polluted it by drinking. The doctor, very much piqued, forthwith called his attendants, who were prostrate in adoration on the steps of the pagoda; and having remounted his palanquin, he returned through the avenue of bamboos, along the sea-shore, under a clouded atmosphere, as the night was setting in. As he passed on, he said to himself, "I find the Indian proverb verified, that *every European who visits India, gains patience, even if he had none before, and loses it if he had.* As to myself, I have certainly lost mine. What! shall I never discover by what means truth may be found; where it may be sought for with success; and whether it should be communicated to mankind? Alas, my species, throughout the world, is condemned to perpetual error, and eternal disputes! how wretchedly have I succeeded in travelling into India to consult the bramins! While the doctor was thus ruminating in his palanquin, there came on one of those tempests which in India is called a *typhon.* The wind blew so violently from the sea, as to force back the waters of the Ganges, and overflow the islands which are placed at it's estuary. It raised on the shore columns of sand, and tore from the forests clouds of leaves, which it carried over the river and the country, to an immense height in the atmosphere. Now and then it's effects were visible in the avenue of the bamboos, and tho' those Indian reeds were as tall as the largest trees, it bent them like the grass in the meadows. The long avenue of bamboos appeared, through a whirlwind of dust and

leaves, in violent motion. Their towering heads bending even to the ground, and again recoiling to their natural enormous heights, attended by a murmuring noise. The doctor's attendants, in fear of being crushed to pieces by the falling trees, or overwhelmed by the waters of the Ganges, which overflowed it's banks, fled across the fields, in accidental directions, towards the neighbouring mountains. Night had by this time approached; and they travelled in profound darkness for three hours, not knowing whither they were going; when the lightning bursting from thick clouds and illuminating the entire horizon, they saw clearly, at a considerable distance, on the right, the pagoda of Jagrenat, the island of the Ganges, the tumultuous ocean, and immediately before them, a little vale and a wood enclosed by two hills. To this spot they ran for shelter, the thunder rolling tremendously as they reached it's entrance. It was flanked with rocks and filled with trees of prodigious magnitude. Tho' the tempest tore their tops dreadfully, their enormous trunks were as immovable as the rocks which surrounded them. This part of an ancient forest seemed an asylum where nature was suffered to be at rest, but into which it was difficult to penetrate. The ratan-cane winding along the borders of the wood, covered the roots of the trees, and the *lianne*, twisting from trunk to trunk, presented, on every side, a rampart of foliage, through which were seen groves of verdure entirely protected from access. The sepoys, however, having made an opening with their sabres, the attendants entered with the palanquin. They expected to have found in this retreat a shelter from the storm, but the rain, which fell impetuously, formed innumerable torrents on every

side. In this delemma, they perceived, under the trees, in the narrowest part of the valley, a light and a cottage. The masalchi ran to the place to light his flambeau; but returned in great haste, much out of breath, crying, "Approach not that place, there is a paria." Immediately the whole terrified company, cried out with vehemence, "A paria! A paria!" The doctor, imagining it to be some ferocious animal, seized, hastily his pistols. "What is it you call a paria?" demanded he of his torch-bearer. "It is," answered he, "a man having neither faith nor law." "He is an indian," added the chief of the *reispoutes*, of so infamous a cast, that it is lawful to murder him if he do but so much as touch you. If we were to enter his dwelling, we should be excluded every pagoda for the space of nine moons; and, to be cleansed from the impurity, we should have to bathe nine times in the Ganges, and be washed as often by the hands of a bramin, from head to foot, with cow's urine." All the indians cried, "We will not enter the hut of a paria." "How know you," said the doctor, to his torch-bearer, "that your countryman is a paria, or one without faith and regardless of law?" "Because replied the torch-bearer, "when I entered his cot, I saw him seated beside his dog, on the same mat with his wife, to whom he was presenting something to drink, in a cow's horn." The doctor's attendant retinue repeated still more earnestly, "We will not enter were exists a paria." "Remain here, then, if you choose," said the Englishman, "for all the casts of India are alike to me, when I want a shelter from the rain." While uttering these words, he jumped from his palanquin, and taking his book of questions and night-gown under his arm, and in his hand his pis-

tols and pipe, he went alone to the door of the cottage. He had scarcely knocked, when a man of the most pleasing physiognomy, opened the door, but immediately retreated, saying, "Noble sir, I am but a despised paria, unworthy of receiving you; yet, if you deign to accept this shelter, you will do me very great honour." "Brother!" answered the Englishman, "I accept with pleasure your hospitality." The paria immediately went out with a torch in his hand, a load of dry wood upon his back, and a basket full of cocoa-nuts and bananas on his arm; he approached the Doctor's retinue, who were at some distance under a tree, and said to them, "Since you will not do me the favour to enter my dwelling, here are some fruits inclosed in their shells, which you may eat without being defiled; and some fire with which to dry yourselves, and scare the tygers. May God protect you!" He then returned to his cottage, and addressed the doctor thus; "I am, sir, as I have already informed you, nothing more than an unfortunate Paria; but, as I perceive from your complexion and dress, that you are not an Indian, I hope you will not dislike the food which your poor servant has to offer." At the same time he laid upon a mat, mangos, cream-apples, ignames, roasted potatoes, grilled bananas, and a pot of rice made up with sugar and milk of the cocoa-nut; after which he withdrew to his own mat, beside his wife, and their child, which was fast asleep in a cradle. "Virtuous man!" exclaimed the Englishman, "you are exceedingly superior to me, since you do good to those who despise you; but if you will not favour me with your company on this mat, I shall infer that you think me a bad man, and I shall instantly quit your

cottage, even tho' I were certain of being drowned by the rain, or devoured by tygers." The Paria then sat down upon the same mat with his guest, and they both began to eat. During this time, the doctor had the pleasure of reflecting that here he was perfectly secure, even during the rage of a tempest. The cottage was immoveable; because it was situated in the narrowest part of the valley, and built under a *var* or banian fig-tree, the branches of which extending in arcades send out bunches of roots from their extremities, which serve as supports to the principal trunk. The foliage of this tree was so thick, that not a single drop of rain could make it's way through it. And tho' the dreadful roarings of the tempest, attended by peals of thunder, were heard, the smoke from the hearth, which escaped through an opening in the roof, and the flame of the lamp, were not even disturbed. The doctor beheld, with admiration, the perfect tranquility of the indian and his wife, if possible more placid than the surrounding atmosphere. Their child, black and shining like ebony, slept in his cradle: the mother rocked it with her foot, amusing herself, during the time, by making him a necklace of red and black Angola pease. The father occasionally regarded them with looks expressive of affection. In a word, even the dog seemed to share in the common happiness; stretched out beside a cat, before the fire. He now and then half-opened his eyes, and looked up affectionately at his master.

As soon as the Englishman had done eating, the Paria presented him with a blazing stick, with which to light his pipe, and having also lighted his own, his wife placed upon the mat, two cups, made of cocoa-nut shells, and a large calabash full of punch, which she

had prepared, during the repast, with water, arrack, the juice of lemon and that of the sugar cane. As they smoked and drank alternately, the following discourse took place. "Of all the men I ever knew," said the doctor, "you are certainly the most happy, and consequently one of the wisest. Permit me to ask a few questions. "How can you be so tranquil in the midst of so dreadful a storm? You have little besides a tree for a shelter, and trees attract the lightning." "Lightning," answered the Paria, "never yet struck a banyan fig-tree." "That is very extraordinary," replied the Doctor, "the tree must then certainly be a negative electric, like the laurel." "I do not comprehend your meaning," added the Paria, "but my wife believes that this property was given by the God Brama, who one day took shelter under it: my own opinion is, that God, in these tempestuous climates, having bestowed on the banyan fig-tree a very thick foliage, and arcades, to serve as a shelter from storms, he does not suffer the lightning to strike it." "Your reply is very religious," said the Doctor. "So, then, it is the perfect confidence you have in the Deity, which renders you composed and tranquil. A consciousness of rectitude is a better security than that of philosophy. Tell me, I beseech you, what is the name of your sect? You are not of any of those of India, since the Indians refuse all intercourse with you. In the list of intelligent casts whom I was to consult on my travels, I have not found that of the parias. In what district of India is your pagoda situated?" "In every one," replied the paria: "my pagoda is Nature. I adore it's Author at the rising of the sun, and I praise him when it sets. I have learnt, from having endured calami-

ty myself, never to refuse assistance to one more wretched. I make it a point of duty to do all I can to render my wife and child happy; nay even my dog and cat. I live in the expectation of death, which will close my life; but I regard it as a pleasing sleep which is to succeed the toilsomeness of the day." "From what book have you collected these principles?" demanded the Doctor. "From the book of Nature," answered the Paria; "I am acquainted with no other." "A magnificent work indeed!" said the Englishman, "but who taught you to read it?" "Misfortune," replied the Paria: "being of a cast reputed infamous even in my native country, and being denied the rank of an Indian, I endeavoured still to be a man. Rejected by society, I took shelter in Nature." "But in your retirement, surely you must have had some books," observed the Doctor. "Not one," returned the Paria, "I cannot either read or write." "You have been saved from many perplexities," said the Doctor, rubbing his forehead; "as to myself, I have been sent from England, my native country, for the purpose of searching among many nations, for the truth; in order to enlighten men and render them truly happy; but after many vain researches, and serious enquires, I have concluded that to search for truth in this way is absurd; because, even if I had found it, the very communication of it, might subject me to persecution. Tell me, sincerely, are you not of my opinion?" Tho' I am but an ignorant man," answered the Paria, "yet since, you question me, I may speak. I think it is the duty of every one for the sake of his own happiness, to search for and adhere to the truth; otherwise he will be avaricious, subjected to ambiti-

ous views, superstitious, inclined to evil; nay he may even be a cannibal, according to the narrowness of his mind or the vulgar prejudices of those who have educated him. The Doctor, who continually thought of the three questions which he had proposed to the Chief of the Pandects, was highly delighted with the reply of the Paria. "Since you believe," said he to him, "that it is the duty of every man to search for and determine what is the truth, I must interrogate you more closely. Tell me, then what are the means to be employed in the research, when our very senses are not to be depended on, and our reason leads us astray. It is indeed obvious, that reason varies in every community of men; and is, I believe, just what the peculiar interest of each chooses to make it, it is to this cause that the eternal variableness of reason may be attributed. There are not two religions, not two nations, not two tribes, not two families; what did I say? there are not two men existing, who think exactly alike. How, then, shall we investigate if our intellects be insufficient?" "I think it may be done," replied the Paria, "provided the mind be innocent. The senses may be beguiled and reason led astray, but a simple, sincere, and honest mind, tho' it may be deceived, never deceives." "Your answer is profound," said the Doctor, "we should first search for truth through the medium of the senses, and not by the aid of genius. The natural perceptions of mankind are much alike, but they reason very differently; because the principles of truth are fixed in Nature, but the inferences which they draw are adapted to their *private* interests. We should pursue our researches after truth, therefore, with an unbiassed purity of mind, which

never feigns to comprehend what it does not in reality, nor to believe what it cannot understand. It encourages no self-deception, nor the practice of deceiving others; thus, a native purity of mind, far from imparting that weakness possessed by those corrupted by example and private interest, confers, not only a sufficient portion of firmness for the purpose of investigating truth, but for maintaining it." "You have explained my idea much better than I could have done," added the Paria, "the truth is like the dew of the clouds; which if intended to be kept pure, it must be collected in a clean vessel." "Excellently said, thou man of simplicity," replied the Englishman, "but the most difficult part of my subject yet remains unresolved. Where are we to search for the truth? Integrity of heart depends upon ourselves, but the truth depends on others. Alas! where, then, shall we find it, if those who surround us be perverted by education, seduced by prejudices, or corrupted by private interest? I have travelled among a great variety of people, I have ransacked their libraries; I have consulted the most learned of their professors: and what have I found? why, contradictions, doubts, and opinions, infinitely more varied than their languages. If, then, I have failed to discover truth in the most celebrated repositories of human knowledge, where shall it be searched for? Tho' I inherited purity of mind, what would it avail among men of corrupt habits, and depraved understandings?" "I should suspect what was *called* truth," replied the Paria, whenever it came through the medium of men: it is not among them that we are to search for it, but in Nature. Nature is the source of all that exists; her language is plain, not unin-

telligible and variable, like that of men and their books. Men make books, but nature makes things. To rest the foundation of truth upon a book, is much the same as to fix it on a picture, or on a statue, which is only interesting to one country, and which time daily impairs. Every book is the art of a man, but Nature is the work of God." "You say right," replied the Doctor, "nature is the source of all evident truths; but where is, for instance, the source of historic truths, except in books? How shall we be assured, at this day, of the truth of an event which happened two thousand years since? Were they who have transmitted it to us divested of prejudice and party-spirit? Did they inherit integrity of mind? Moreover, the books which are the vehicles of transmission, do they not pass through the hands of copyists, translators, commentators, and printers; each of whom either warp the sense, or make alterations? As you have well expressed the idea, books are certainly no more than the art of man. We must not then depend on historical truth, since it reaches us through the medium of people subject to error." "Of what importance to our present welfare," said the Indian, "is the history of past events? The history of what exists is the history of what has been, and of that which will be hereafter." "Very well," said the Englishman, "but you must allow that *moral* truths are necessary to the happiness of the human kind. How then shall we find these in nature? Do not animals make war, kill, and devour each other? do not elements combat against elements; and shall man act in the same manner against his fellows?" "Oh! no," replied the good Paria, "every one may find an unerring

rule of conduct in his own mind, if his mind be pure. Nature has implanted this law upon the soul of man: *Do nothing to others that you would not wish others to do to you.*" "It is true," answered the Doctor, "Nature has regulated the interests of the human kind by that of our own; but as to *religious* truths, how are we to discover them, amidst the innumerable traditions and forms of worship which distract the universe?" "In Nature also," returned the Paria, "if we reflect, with simplicity of heart, we shall see God there in his power, wisdom and goodness. Weak, ignorant, and miserable, as we are, we have here abundance of subject to engage us in adoration, prayer, and love, to the end of our lives, without engaging in disputes. "Admirably remarked!" cried the Englishman, "but now, tell me, if we should discover the truth, ought we to explain it to others? If you publish it, you will be persecuted by great numbers, who live by maintaining opposite errors; who contend that their errors are founded in truth, and that whatever tends to abolish their opinions is criminal." "The truth," replied the Paria, "must be told to men of pure minds; that is, to good people, who seek it, not to the bad, who put it from them. The truth is a rich pearl, the ill-disposed man is a crocodile, who cannot place it in his ears because he has none. If you cast a pearl in the way of a crocodile, instead of considering it an ornament of value, he will pick it up only with a design to devour it, in which attempt he endangers his teeth; and thus made angry, he will attack you with great fury."

"There remains yet an objection which I have to make," said the Englishman, "which is, that from what you have said, it must follow, that mankind are

condemned to remain in error, notwithstanding that truth is most necessary to their happiness; for since they persecute those who demonstrate it, who is there daring enough to undertake the task of instructing them?" "Who?" exclaimed the Paria, "why a teacher who is himself a persecutor of mankind, compelling them to understand the truth; Calamity!" "O man of nature! for this time," retorted the Englishman, "I believe you are mistaking. Calamity plunges men into superstition; it damps all ardour of mind; and enfeebles the understanding. In proportion as man is oppressed, the more ignoble, credulous, and servile he becomes." "It is because he is not unhappy enough," replied the Paria. "Calamity resembles the black mountain of Bember, at the extremity of the burning kingdom of Lahor: while you ascend, you see nothing before you but barren rocks; but when you have attained the summit, you perceive the heavens above your head, and the kingdom Cachemire at your feet." "Excellent and just comparison!" exclaimed the Doctor, "every one, in truth, during his journey of life, has his mountain to scramble up. Your's, virtuous solitary! must have been rugged indeed, for you are more exalted than ever I knew a man. Have you then been very unhappy? But, first, tell me why, in India, your cast is deemed mean, while that of the Bramins is highly honoured? I am returning from a visit to the Superior of the pagoda of Jagrenat, who has no more sense than his idol, and yet claims the adoration due only to God." "The reason is," replied the Paria, "that the bramins say they came out of the head of the god Brama, and the parias from his feet. They assert further, that Brama, one day, during a

journey, asked a paria to give him some food, and that the paria presented to him human flesh. On account of those traditions, their cast is honoured, while our's is cursed throughout all India. We are not permitted to approach a city, and any Naher or Reispoute is allowed to murder us, if we approach so near as to breathe on him." "By Saint George," cried the Englishman, "it is ridiculously senseless and abominably unjust! How have the bramins persuaded the Indian nations to adopt a delusion so gross?" "By teaching it to them from their infancy," said the Paria, "and by incessant repetition; for most men are taught like parrots." "Unfortunate man!" said the Doctor, "how have you escaped from that abyss of infamy into which the bramins had thrown you from your birth? I think no state so dreadful to a man as that of being rendered mean in his own eyes; it is to take away from him the first of human consolations; for the most grateful of all reflections are those which arise from self-complacency."

"I began to reason with myself thus," replied the Paria. "Can the history of the god Brama be really true? It is related only by the bramins, who are interested in claiming a celestial origin. They have certainly fabricated the tale of a paria attempting to render Brama an eater of human flesh, for the sake of revenging the conduct of the parias, who refused to credit their pretensions to holiness. I then proceeded thus; What tho' the account of the bramins should be true, the Deity is just: he will not make a whole cast guilty of the crime of one of it's members, since the whole have not shared in it. But supposing that the entire cast of the parias had partaken of the crime, their descendents could not have

been accomplices. God no more punishes children for the crimes of their forefathers, whom they never saw, than he would punish those forefathers for the faults of their children yet unborn. Let us suppose again, that I am suffering the punishment due to a paria, without having taken any part in his crime, who many thousand years ago had been ungrateful to his God; is it possible that any thing can be hated by him and yet live? If I existed under the curse of God, nothing that I have planted would grow. And I concluded thus: if I do live under the displeasure of God, who is my continual friend, I will endeavour to render myself acceptable to him, by imitating his example, in doing good to those whom I have reason to hate." "But," asked the Englishman, "how did you preserve your existence, when you were cast out of society?" "I argued with my self thus," said the Indian, "If all the world be thine enemy, be to thyself a friend. Thy misfortune does not exceed what man can endure. However heavy be the rain, a little bird can feel but a single drop at a time. I wandered into the woods, and along the banks of rivers, in search of food, but I seldom could collect more than a few wild fruits, and was in fear, during those times, of being attacked by wild beasts. Hence, I discovered that nature had done little for solitary man, and that she had connected my existence to that very society which had cast me from it's bosom. I therefore began to frequent abandoned fields, of which there are many in India, and I always found in them some vegetable or other which had survived the fall of it's cultivator. I thus travelled from province to province, certain of finding, in those wrecks of agriculture, the

means of subsistence. When I found the seeds of any useful plant, I sowed them; thinking that tho' their produce might not be reaped by me, it might be of service to others. I found myself less miserable when I perceived it was in my power to do some good. There was one object which I earnestly desired; it was to examine the interior of some great city. I I had admired at a distance their ramparts and their towers, the prodigious concourse of vessels on their rivers, and of caravans on their great roads, loaded with merchandize, to be delivered there, from every part of the country; troops of soldiers, from the distant provinces, on their march thither to mount guard; ambassadors, with their numerous attendants, arriving from foreign kingdoms, to announce fortunate events, or to make alliances. I approached as near as I could the various avenues, viewing with astonishment the long columns of dust which the multitudes of travellers caused to rise. I was agitated with desire at hearing the confused noise arising from a great city, which in the neighbouring fields resembled the murmuring of billows breaking upon the sea shore. I said, to myself; A vast concourse of men of so many different ranks, contributing their industry to a common stock, must, by an accession of riches and conveniences, render a city the abode of delight. And if I be not allowed to enter it by the light of day; what shall hinder me from stealing in under the shades of night? A feeble mouse, which has many enemies, goes wherever it chooses, favoured by darkness; passing from the poor man's hut to the palace of kings. The light of the stars serves to conduct her to the enjoyments of life; wherefore, then should that of the sun be necessary to me?"

It was in the vicinity of Delhi that I made these reflections; they emboldened me so much that I entered the city as the night was setting in: the road I took was through the gate of Lahor. The first street which I entered, was long and solitary, formed on both sides of houses bordered by terraces, which were supported by arcades; under them were the tradesmen's shops. Here and there I met with grand caravansaries, carefully shut up, and vest bazars or public markets, in which now reigned the most profound silence. As I approached the interior of the city, I crossed the superb quarter of the Omrahs, consisting of palaces and gardens, situated on the banks of the Jumna. The whole district reechoed the sounds of instrumental music, and the songs of the Bayaderes, who were dancing by torch-light, on the side of the river. I advanced to the gate of a garden, for the sake of enjoying with greater advantage, so delightful a spectacle; but I was driven back by slaves, who were placed there to repulse such wretches as me by dint of blows. As I withdrew from this district of the great, I passed by several pagodas, dedicated to my religion, where crowds of miserable beings, prostrated upon the ground, were weeping bitterly. I fled with haste from the sight of these monuments of superstition and terror. Advancing further, the piercing voices of the Molhahs, announcing from an elevated situation, the hours of the night, apprized me that I was under the turrets of a mosque. Close by were the factories of Europeans, with their pavilions, and watchmen who incessantly cried, *kaberdar!* take care! I afterwards walked round a very large building which I knew to be a prison, from the clanking of chains and the groans which issued.

From an immense hospital I heard the cries of pain, whence came out carts loaded with the dead. Proceeding forward, I met robbers flying along the streets, and patrols of the watch in pursuit of them; groups of beggars, who regardless of punishment, were soliciting, at the gates of palaces, the refuse of their feasts; and every where, women publicly prostituting themselves for bread. At length, after a tiresome walk along the same street, I arrived at an immense square, in which stood a fortress inhabited by the great Mogul. It was covered with the tents of rajahs, or nabobs of his guard, and of their squadrons, distinguished from each other by flambeaus, standards, and long canes, terminated by the tails of cows brought from Thibet. A large moat full of water, was planted with artillery; enclosing the fortress on every side. I examined, by the lights of the guards, the towers of the castle, which reached even to the clouds; and the extent of it's ramparts, which was lost in the horizon. I had a great desire to see the inside; but when I saw large korahs, or whips, hung upon posts, I was not inclined to go farther; I therefore stopped short at one of it's extremities, near some negro slaves, who allowed me to rest beside a fire round which they sat. Thence I looked, with admiration, at the imperial palace, and thought, that it's inhabitant was surely the happiest of mankind. It is in obedience to him that numerous religionists preach; to promote his glory that numbers of ambassadors arrive; to fill his coffers that provinces are exhausted; to aid his sensual pleasures that a number of caravans travel; and to preserve him in security, that many armed men watch in silence.

"While I was making these reflections, loud huzzas

resounded on every side, and I saw eight camels pass, adorned with splendid trappings. They were loaded with the heads of rebels, which the general of the Mogul had sent from the province of Décan, where one of his sons, whom he had appointed governor of it, had carried on war against him for three years. A little time afterwards, arrived in full speed, a courier, mounted upon a dromedary; he came with the news of the loss of a frontier city of India, by the treachery of one his commanders, who had given it up to the king of Persia. Scarcely had this messenger passed, when another, sent by the governor of Bengal, came, with an account of some Europeans (whom the emperor had permitted, for the benefit of commerce, to establish a factory at the mouth of the Ganges) having built a fortress and made themselves masters of the navigation of the river. A few moments after the arrival of these two couriers, there sallied out of the castle, an officer at the head a detachment of the guards. The Mogul had ordered him to go to the district of the omrahs, and to bring three of the leaders, in chains, who were accused of holding a secret correspondence with the enemies of the state. The evening before he had ordered a *mollah* to be arrested, who had, in one of his sermons, spoken favourably of the king of Persia, and had plainly said that the Emperor of the Indies was an infidel, because, contrary to the law of Mahomet, he drank wine. Finally, it was affirmed that he had ordered one of his wives and two captains of the guard, to be strangled and thrown into the Jumna, convicted of having assisted in the rebellion of his son. While I was reflecting on these tragical events, a long column of fire suddenly burst from one

of the kitchens of the Seraglio: a whirlwind of smoke arose and mingled with the clouds, and the red flames illuminated the towers of the fortress, it's moats, the square, the minurets of the city, and extended even to the verge of the horizon. Immediately the huge copper drums and the karnas or great hautboys of the guards, sounded the alarm with a dreadful noise. Squadrons of cavalry sallied out, breaking open the doors of houses near the castle, and compelling the inhabitants, by dint of repeated strokes of the korah, to hasten to assist in extinguishing the fire. I perceived how dangerous it is for the humble to be in the neighbourhood of the great. Proud people are like the fire, which scorches even those who throw incense into it, if they approach too near. I wished to make my escape, but all the avenues of the square were closed. It would have been impossible for me to get out, if providentially, the side on which I was had not been that of the seralio. As the eunuchs were removing the women upon elephants, they aided my escape; for while the guards were on all sides employing the lash to compel the people to assist at the castle, the elephants, by blows with their trunks, compelled them to retreat. Thus, sometimes pursued by the one, sometimes driven back by the other, I, at length, emerged from this frightful chaos; and by the light of the conflagration, I gained the other extremity of the suburbs, where, under huts, and far removed from the great, the people rested in peace from their labours. It was here that I began to recover my breath. I thought, Well, then, I have seen a city! I have seen the abodes of the sovereign of nations! Oh, of how many masters are they not themselves the slaves! They obey, even at their seasons

of repose the tyrants Voluptuousness, Ambition, Superstition, and Avarice: they are terrified even in their sleep, with multitudes of the miserable and wicked beings which surround them; with robbers, mendicants, courtezans, incendiaries; nay, even of their soldiers, their nobility and priests. What then, must a city be in the day, if it be thus disturbed during the night? The miseries of man enlarge with his possessions. Since in the Emperor is united every thing, is he not greatly to be pitied? How much he has to apprehend from both domestic broils and foreign wars; yes, even from objects which are his consolation and defence; his generals, his guards, his mollahs, his wives, and his children. The moats which surround his towers do not guard him from superstitious phantoms; nor his elephants, tho' excellently trained, are able to keep gloomy care at a distance. As to myself, I am molested by no such terrors: no tyrant governs either my body or mind. I can serve God agreeably to my conscience, and I have nothing to fear, unless I choose to torment myself; in truth a paria is less unhappy than an emperor. Lost in these ideas, tears came into my eyes; and falling on my knees, I thanked Heaven, who, in order to teach me how to support my own misfortunes, had shewn me wretchedness far more intolerable. From that time, I never advanced nearer to Delhi than it's suburbs. Thence I beheld the stars illumine the habitations of men, and mingle with their fires, as if the firmament and the city formed but one domain. When the moon also poured her beams upon the landscape, I perceived other tints differing from those of the day. I admired the towers, the houses, and the trees, at once silvered over

and deeply shaded, which were reflected from the placid waters of the Jumna. I traversed, unmolested, the vast solitary and silent district, which then seemed, wholly mine own. Yet there humanity whould have refused me a single handful of rice, so odious had the bigotry of religion rendered me. Unable to find subsistence among the living, I went in search of it among the dead. I resorted to the cemeteries, to eat the food, placed by pious relations on the tombs of the deceased. It was in these places that I delighted to reflect. I said to myself; This is the city of peace; here, power and arrogance have no place, while innocence and virtue rest in security: the terrors which connect to life have here subsided, even the fear of death has been overcome: this is the inn at which the traveller has taken his last lodgings, and where even the paria may find repose.' Lost in these ideas, the event of death seemed desirable to me, and I began to look down upon the world with contempt. I turned towards the east, where appeared innumerable stars. Tho' ignorant of their destinations, I yet thought that they were connected with the existence of man, and that as nature has allowed to his wants so many things which are concealed, those which are visible must be more closely connected with his existence. My soul became elevated into the skies, in resemblance of the stars, and when the morn added it's rosy tints to their mild and unchanging lustre, I imagined myself at the gates of heaven. But as soon as the sun began to gild the summits of the pagodas, I vanished like a shadow; withdrawing into the country, far from the haunts of men; and, resting at the foot of a tree, I was lulled to sleep by the

songs of birds." "Sensible and unfortunate man!" exclaimed the Englishman, "your account is exceedingly affecting: believe me, the greatest part of cities should be seen only in the night. But nature has her nocturnal beauties, which are not less charming than those of the day; an eminent poet of my country has made the night his entire subject. But, tell me, how did you find means of being happy by the light of the day?" "The art of being happy alone and in the night was a great attainment," replied the indian; "Nature resembles a beautiful woman, who in the day exhibits to vulgar observation the charms of her face only, but under the shade of night she unveils to her lover all her charms. If solitude has it's enjoyments, it has also it's privations: to the unfortunate it appears a tranquil harbour, whence he sees the agitated tide of other men's passions, without being carried along by the current; yet, while he congratulates himself on being immovable, time is bearing him forward. It is impossible to cast anchor in the river of human life; it overwhelms both the man who opposes it's course, and he who suffers himself to be carried along; the wise and the thoughtless, both reach the end of life, the one without having enjoyed it, and the other after having abused it. I did not pretend to more wisdom than what I derived from the appearances of Nature, nor to find happiness without being subject to those laws which she has prescribed. Above every other acquisition, I desired ardently to gain a friend, to whom I might express my joys and sorrows. I sought one long among my equals, but all were governed by envy. Notwithstanding, I, at length, found this friend; who was sensible, grateful, faithful, and superior to

prejudices: he was not indeed of my own species, but one of the brute creation; it was the very dog which you see. He was exposed, while very young, at the corner of a street, where he was perishing with hunger. I was moved by compassion; I reared him; he attached himself to me; and I made him my inseparable companion. Yet this acquisition was not sufficient; I wanted a friend more wretched than a dog; one who was acquainted with all the evils of human society, and who could assist me in supporting mine; one who should desire only the gifts of Nature, and with whom I could partake in such enjoyments. It is only by uniting their branches that two slender shrubs are enabled to resist the storm. Providence granted to me these combined desires in the form of an excellent woman. It was at the very source of my misery that I found this source of my happiness. One night, being at the burial-place of the bramins, I perceived, by the light of the moon, a young female bramin, half covered with her yellow veil. At the sight of a woman of the kindred of my tyrants, I recoiled with horror. But perceiving in what employment she was engaged, compassion induced me to draw nearer. She came to place food upon a hillock which covered the ashes of her mother, who had recently been burnt alive with the body of her husband, agreeably to the custom of her cast, and she was now burning incense over it, as an invocation to her departed spirit. Tears started into my eyes, in beholding one more unfortunate than myself, and I thus meditated: 'Alas! I am bound in chains of infamy, but thou in those of honour. At the foot of my precipice I live at least in tranquility; but thou art always trembling on the

brink of thine. The same destiny which has robbed thee of thy mother, threatens one day to tear thee also from existence. Thou hast received only one life, yet thou art doomed to suffer two deaths: if thine own does not convey thee to an early grave, that of thy husband will drag thee thither while yet alive. I could not forbear weeping, neither could she; our eyes, bathed in tears, met, and spoke the language of the unfortunate; she withdrew her's, and letting fall her veil, retired. The following night I returned to the same spot. She had placed a larger store of provisions upon her mother's tomb; she had undoubtedly judged that I was indigent; and as the bramins frequently poison their funeral meats, to prevent the parias from eating them, that I might be convinced of the purity of her's, she had brought fruits only. I was much affected by this mark of humanity; and in order to shew the respect I had for her filial offering, instead of taking any of the fruit, I added flowers to them. They were poppies; expressive of the interest which I took in her sorrow. The night following I beheld, with joy, that the homage which I had paid to her was approved; the poppies had been watered, and she had placed a new basket of fruits at a short distance from the tomb. Pity and gratitude emboldened me; yet not daring to speak to her as a paria, for fear of offending her, I attempted, as a man, to express to her all the affection which she had inspired in my breast. According to the custom in India, I borrowed the language of flowers to express my meaning; adding to the poppies, marigolds. The night after I found my poppies and marigolds sprinkled with water. Thus encouraged, I added to the poppies and marigolds,

a flower of foulsapatte, or sumach (which is used by tanners to dye their leather black,) as expressive of humble and unfortunate love. As soon as the morning dawned, I flew to the tomb; but the foulsapatte had withered for want of being watered. The night following I planted, with a trembling hand, a tulip, the red leaves and black heart of which expressed the flame which was consuming me. In the morning, I found my tulip in the state of my foulsapatte. I was afflicted beyond measure: nevertheless the day after I carried to the place a rose-bud with it's thorns, as a symbol that I yet hoped, but that my hopes were mixed with many fears. What was my despair, when I saw, by the first morning ray, that my rose-bud had been cast far from the tomb! I thought that I should have lost my reason. Still, whatever might be the consequence, I resolved to speak to her. The succeeding night I waited her approach, and threw myself at her feet, presenting my rose to her, but incapable of utterance. She then spoke to me, saying, "Unfortunate man! thou talkest to me of love, and ere long I shall be no more. I must, even as did my mother, accompany my husband, who is just dead, to the funeral pile. He was an old man, to whom I was betrothed while a child. God bless you! withdraw, and think of me no more. In three days I shall be reduced to a small portion of ashes." In uttering these words a deep sigh escaped her. Overcome with mortal grief, I said to her, "Miserable bramin! now that Nature has burst those fetters, with which society had bound thee, complete the work by breaking those of superstition. The means are now in your power, by taking me for your husband." "What!" replied she in tears, "shall I es-

cape from death to live with thee in disgrace? Ah! if thou lovest me, leave me to perish" "Heaven forbid," cried I, "that I should extricate you from the evils which beset you, only to overwhelm you in mine! Dearly loved bramin! let us fly to the interior of the forests; it is better to place confidence in tygers than in men. But that God, in whom I trust, will not abandon us. Let us fly instantly! my affection, the night, thy unhappiness, thy innocence, all favour us. Let us hasten our speed. Unfortunate widow! already thy funeral pile is prepared, and thy dead husband is calling thee to it. Poor drooping plant! lean thyself upon me, I will be thy supporting palm-tree." She then cast a look upon her mother's tomb, sighed, raised her eyes to heaven, and letting one hand drop into mine, with the other she took my rose. I immediately caught her in my arms, and continuing to support her, we commenced our journey. I threw her veil into the Ganges, that her relations might believe her to be drowned. We travelled several nights along the banks of the river, concealing ourselves during the day in the fields of rice. At length, we arrived in this part of the country, which war had depopulated and laid waste. I penetrated into the middle of the wood, where I built this cot, and planted a little garden. It is here that we live in perfect happiness. I revere my wife as my enlightening sun, and I love her as my softening moon. In this solitude we are every thing to each other. We were rejected by mankind, but here we can indulge in mutual esteem, and the commendations which we give and receive, are more grateful than public applauses." As he uttered these words he looked at his infant in the cradle; and at his wife,

who was shedding tears of joy. The Doctor, wiping away one which had stolen down his own cheek, said to his host, "I am certain, that what is highly honoured by men, frequently deserves their contempt, and what they despise, often merits great esteem. But God is just: you are a thousand times more happy in your obscurity, than the Chief of the bramins of Jagernat in all his splendour. He is exposed, with the rest of his cast, to all the revolutions of fortune; for on the bramins fall most of the calamities arising from civil and foreign wars, which, for many ages, have desolated your beautiful country; it is from them that contributions are forcibly demanded, because of the dominion which they exercise over the opinion of the inhabitants. But the circumstance most cruel to themselves, is that they are the first victims to their own inhuman religion. Through the habit of teaching error they are so thoroughly influenced by it as to be lost to all sentiments of truth, of justice, of humanity, of piety; they are bound in the fetters of superstition, with which they wish to enslave their countrymen; they are subjected to perpetual ablutions, to purifications, and deprivations of innumerable innocent enjoyments; and, what cannot be mentioned without horror, as a consequence of their barbarous dogmas, they see their nearest female relations burnt alive; their mothers, their sisters, and their own daughters. It is thus that they are punished by nature for violating her laws. As to you, it is in your power to be sincere, good, just, hospitable, pious; and you escape the lashes of fortune and the disadvantages of attachment to opinion, by the lowness of your station." After this conversation, the Paria took leave of his

guest, that he might be allowed to repose, and retired, with his wife, and the child in the cradle, into a small room adjoining. Next morning, at the dawn of day, the Doctor was awaked by the singing of birds, which nestled in the branches of the Indian fig-tree, and by the voices of the Paria and his wife; who were repeating together their matin prayer. On arising, he was much distressed, when the amiable pair opened their door to wish him a good morning, in perceiving that there was not another bed in the cot but that on which he had reposed, and that they had sat up all night to accommodate him. After having saluted him with the *salam*, they hasted to prepare breakfast. Meanwhile, the Doctor went to take a walk in the garden. He found it, like the hut, surrounded with arches of the Indian fig-tree, so interlaced, as to form a hedge, impervious to the eye. It was only above the fence that he could see the red rocks which flanked the valley on every side. There issued from them a small spring, which watered the artlessly disposed garden. In all the promiscuous irregularity of nature were seen the apple-tree of the Moloques, the orange, the cocoa, the letchi, the durio, the mango, the jacquier, the banana, and many other vegetables, either adorned with blossom or loaded with fruit. The very trunks of the larger trees were covered with the smaller: the betel winded round the arecqua palm-tree, and the pepper plant up the sugar-cane. The air was rendered grateful by their perfumes. Tho' most of the trees were yet in the shade, the first rays of Aurora already gilded their tops; the humming-bird was fluttering about, glistening with the brilliant tints of the ruby and the topaz;

while the bengali and the sensa-soule, and five hundred other voices, concealed under the humid arborage, were heard in sweet concert from their retreats. The doctor was walking in these inchanting shades, entirely detached from scientific and ambitious thoughts, when the Paria came to invite him to breakfast. "Your garden is a paradise," said the Englishman, "and I have no fault to find but with it's limited extent; if I had been in your place, I should have taken some more ground from the forest, and added to it a bowling-green. "Ah sir!" replied the Paria, "the less ground a man occupies, the better is he concealed; a single leaf is a sufficient protection to the humming-bird." In saying these words, they entered into the hut, where they found the Paria's wife suckling her child in a corner; having previously served up breakfast. After a silent repast, the Doctor was preparing to depart, when the Indian said to him: "My esteemed guest! the plains are still overflowing with the rains of the night, the roads are impassable; spend also this day with us." "It is not in my power," said the Doctor, "my attendants are too numerous." "Ah! I understand," replied the Paria, "you are in haste to quit the country of the bramins, to return to that of the christains, whose religion instructs men to regard each other as brethren." The Doctor answered the Paria with a sigh, and rose from his seat; whereupon the Paria made a sign to his wife, who with downcast eyes, and without uttering a word, presented to the Doctor, a flat basket of flowers and fruits. The Paria, spoke for her to the Englishman, saying, "Excuse our poverty, sir, we have neither ambergris, nor aloes-wood, with which to perfume our guests, in conform-

ity to the custom of this country: we have only flowers and fruits; but I hope you will not disdain to accept this little basket; since it was filled by the hands of my wife: it contains neither poppies nor marigolds, but jasmin, some mougris, and bergamot. These flowers, by the lasting nature of their perfumes, are symbols of our affection for you, which will remain with us when we shall not see you." The Doctor took the basket, saying to the Paria, "I know not in what manner to express the grateful sense I have of your hospitality, nor how to testify the esteem I have for you. Accept of this gold watch; it was made by Greenham, the most eminent of his trade in London; it needs winding up but once a year. "We have no occasion for a watch, sir," replied the Paria, "we have one already, which moves without ceasing, and is never out of order; it is the Sun." "My watch strikes the hours, added the Doctor." "Our birds sing them," said the Paria. "At least," urged the Doctor, "receive these strings of coral, to make red necklaces for your wife and child." "My wife and child," maintained the indian, "can never want red necklaces, while our garden produces Angola-pease." "Accept then," said the Doctor, "these pistols to defend yourself in this solitude from robbers." "Poverty," said the Paria, "is a bulwark which keeps all robbers at a distance; the silver ornaments upon your pistols might induce an attack. In the name of that God who protects us, and from whom we wait our award, do not endeavour to take from us the merit of our hospitality!" "Notwithstanding, what you say," said the Englishman, "I wish exceedingly, to leave something behind me which may commemorate this event." "Well, my

affectionate guest!" replied the Paria, "since it is your pleasure, may I venture to propose an exchange? Give me your pipe, and receive mine. As often as I smoke with your's I shall recollect that an European pandect condescended to accept the hospitality of a poor paria." Hereupon the Doctor presented to him his leathern pipe of English manufacture, the mouth of which was of amber, and received that of the Paria in return; it's tube was a bambo, and it's bowl of baked clay. The Doctor then called together his retinue, who had been miserably uncomfortable during the night, and after having embraced the Paria he mounted his palanquin. The Paria's wife remained at the door of the cot, in tears, with the infant in her arms; but the husband accompanied the Doctor to the outlet in the wood, pouring out his heart in ardent benedictions. "May God reward you," said he, "for your goodness to the unfortunate? may he take me as a sacrifice for you! may he conduct you safely back to England, that land of learned and friendly men, who seek the truth throughout the world, in order that mankind may be rendered more happy!" The doctor replied; "I have travelled over one half of the globe, and have met with nothing but error and discord: I have found truth and happiness no where but in your cot." In speaking these words they separated one from the other, not without tears. The Doctor had proceeded to a considerable distance, yet could still perceive the good Paria at the foot of a tree, waving his hands in token of a last adieu. On his return to Calcutta, the Doctor embarked for Chandernagore, whence he sailed for England. Arriving at London, he sent his four score and ten bales of

manuscripts to the President of the royal society who deposited them in the British Museum, where the literati and journalists were long occupied in making translations, concordances, eulogies, dissertations, critiques, and publications. As to the Doctor, he kept for himself the three answers of the Paria respecting the truth. He frequently smoked with his pipe, and when he was asked what were the most useful discoveries he had made on his travels, he replied, "These; that truth must be sought for in simplicity of heart; that it can be found only in Nature; and that it must be communicated only to good people." To which he added; "a man is not happy without a good wife."

C. Nicholson, Poughnill.

ROMANCES.

SIR BERTRAND. SIR GAWEN.

EDWIN.

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Of the various kinds of superstition which have in any age influenced the human mind, none appear to have operated with so much effect as what has been termed the gothic. Even in the present polished period of society, there are thousands who are yet alive to all the horrors of witchcraft, to all the solemn and terrible graces of the appaling spectre. The most enlightened mind, the mind free from all the taint of superstition, involuntarily acknowledges the power of gothic agency. It has been too much the fashion among critical writers, to condemn the introduction of this kind of imagery, as puerile and absurd; but, while it is thus formed to influence mankind; to surprise, elevate, and delight, with a willing admiration, every faculty of the human mind, how shall criticism with impunity dare to expunge it? Genius has ever had a predeliction for it, and it has ever been the favourite superstition of the poets.

Speculator, No. 4.

The Vignette in the Title-page was designed by Craig, and engraved on wood by a pupil of T. Bewick's. The subject is from the story of Sir Gawen, page 15. The Ending-piece was designed by Thurston, and engraved by Clennell.

SIR BERTRAND.

A fragment, in imitation of the ancient romance.

BY DR. AIKIN.

——Sir Bertrand turned his steed towards the wolds, hoping to cross those dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendour from her veil; and then instantly retired behind it, having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage a while urged him to push forwards; but, at length, the increasing darkness, and fatigue of body and mind, overcame him: he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs; and, alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture, when the sullen toll of a distant bell struck his ears. He started up; and, turning towards the sound, discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was stopped by a moated ditch surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and, by a momentary glimpse of moonlight, he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets

at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gateway at each end, led to the court before the building. He entered; and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along, and vanished: at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was silent. Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed; and, approaching the house, traversed it's whole front with light and slow footsteps. All was still as death! He looked in at the lower windows, but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch; and, seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and, hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke. The noise resounded through the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again! He repeated the strokes more boldly, and louder. Another interval of silence ensued! A third time he knocked; and a third time all was still! He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front. It again appeared in the same place, and quickly glided away as before; at the same instant, a deep, sullen toll, sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop! He was a while motionless; then terror impelled him to make some hasty steps towards his steed; but shame stopped his flight; and, urged by honour, and a resistless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch, and working up his soul to a full steadiness of

resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door, creaking upon it's hinges, reluctantly yielded to his hand: he applied his shoulder to it, and forced it open. He quitted it, and stept forward: the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled! He turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands, cold seize it; but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, across a hall, upon a large stair-case, a pale bluish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it: it retired. He came to the foot of the stairs; and, after a moment's deliberation, ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery: the flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of another stair-case, and then vanished. At the same instant another toll sounded from the turret: Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart. He was now in total darkness; and, with his arms extended, began to ascend the second stair-case. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forwards: he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not: he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless in his. He dropped it, and rushed forwards with a desperate valour.

The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stones. The stair-case grew narrower and narrower, and at

length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open: it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to shew the nature of the place. Sir Bertrand entered. A deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault. He went forwards; and, proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him. He followed it. The vault, at length suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrusting forwards the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and, aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock: with difficulty he turned the bolt: instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room on both sides were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards; and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him: at the same time the statues clashed

their sabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and clasped her in his arms; she threw up her veil, and kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance; and, an recovering, found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure chrystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces. She advanced to the knight; and, falling upon her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head; and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table; and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast, delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment; he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady; who, leading back the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words——

From Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld's "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose."

SIR GAWEN.

Altho' so great a disparity evidently obtains between the two species of gothic superstition, the terrible and the sportive; yet no author, that I am acquainted with, has availed himself of this circumstance, and thrown them into immediate contrast. In the foregoing fragment by Dr. Aikin, the transition is immediately from the deep Gothic to the Arabic or Saracenic superstition; which, altho' calculated to surprise, would perhaps have rendered the preceding scenes of horror more striking, had it been of a light and contrasted kind. In the following piece this has been attempted.

Towards the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII, Sir Gawen, a man of some fortune and considerable curiosity, fond of enterprise and insatiate of knowledge, travelled through the northern counties of England. The following singular adventure is extant among the family writings, and is still recorded by his posterity. It was towards sunset (as appears from the manuscript) when Sir Gawen, after having traversed a very lone and unfrequented part, arrived at the edge of a thick and dark forest; the sky was suddenly overcast, and it began to rain, the thunder rolled at a distance, and sheets of livid lightning flashed across the heath. Overcome with fatigue and hunger, he rode impatiently along the borders of the forest, in hopes of discovering an entrance; but none was to be found. At length, just as he was about to dismount, with an intention of breaking the fence, he discerned, as he thought, something moving upon the heath, and, on advancing towards it, it proved to be an old wom-

an gathering peat, and who overtaken by the storm, was hurrying home, as quickly as her infirm limbs could carry her. The sight of a human creature filled the heart of Sir Gawen with joy, and hastily riding up, he enquired how far he had deviated from the right road, and where he could procure a night's lodging. The old woman slowly lifted up her palsied head, and discovered a set of features which could scarcely be called human; her eyes were red, piercing, and distorted, and, rolling horribly, glanced upon every object but the person by whom she was addressed; and, at intervals, they emitted a fiery disagreeable light; her hair, of a dirty gray, hung matted with filth in large masses upon her shoulders, and a few thin portions rushed abrupt and horizontally from the upper part of her forehead, which was much wrinkled, and of a parchment hue; her cheeks were hollow, withered, and red with a quantity of acrid rheum; her nose was large, prominent, and sharp; her lips thin, skinny, and livid; her few teeth black; and her chin long and peaked, with a number of bushy hairs, depending from it's extremity: her nails also were acute, crooked, and bent over her fingers, and her garments ragged and fluttering in the wind, displayed every possible variety of colour. The knight was a little daunted, but the old woman having mentioned a dwelling at some distance, and offering to lead the way, the pleasure imparted by this piece of news effaced the former impression, and dismounting from his horse, he laid hold of the bridle, and they slowly moved over the heath. The storm had ceased, and the rising moon gave presage of a fine night, just as the old woman, taking a sudden turn, plunged into the wood by a narrow path, almost choaked up with

a quantity of briar and thorn. The trees were thick, and save a few glimpses of the moon, which now and then poured light on the uncouth features of his companion, all was dark and dismal; the heart of Sir Gawen misgave him. Neither of them spoke. The knight pursued his guide merely by the noise she made in hurrying through the bushes, which was done with a celerity totally inconsistent with her former decripitude. At length, the path grew wider, and a faint blue light, which came from a building at some distance, glimmered before them; they quitted the wood and issued upon a rocky and uneven piece of ground, the moon struggling through a cloud, cast a doubtful and uncertain light, while the old woman, with a leer, which made the hair of Sir Gawen stand an end, told him that the dwelling was at hand. It was so, for a Gothic castle, placed upon a considerable elevation, now became in view; it was a large massy structure, much decayed, and some parts of it in a totally ruinous condition; a portion, however, of the keep, or great tower, was still entire; as also the entrance to the court or enclosure, preserved probably by the ivy, whose fibres crept round with solicitous care. Large fragments of the ruin were scattered about, covered with moss and half sunk in the ground, and a number of old elm trees, through whose foliage the wind sighed with a sullen and melancholy sound, dropped a deep and settled gloom, which scarcely permitted the moon to gleam by fits upon the building. Sir Gawen drew near; ardent curiosity, mingled with awe, dilated his bosom, and he inwardly congratulated himself upon so singular an adventure, when turning round to question his companion, a glimpse of the moon poured full upon his eye so horrid a contexture

of features, so wild and preternatural a combination, that, smote with terror, and unable to move, a cold sweat trickled from every pore. Immediately did this infernal being seize him by the arm, and hurry him over the drawbridge to the great entrance of the keep, when the portcullis fell with a tremendous sound, and the knight, starting as if from a trance, drew his sword in order to destroy his treacherous guide, when instantly a horrible and infernal laugh burst from her, and in a moment the whole castle was in an uproar, peal after peal issuing from every quarter, till at length growing faint they died away, and a dead silence ensued. Sir Gawen, who, during this strange tumult, had collected all his scattered powers, now looked around with determined resolution; his terrible companion had disappeared, and the moon shining full upon the portcullis, convinced him that any escape that way was impracticable; the wind sighed through the elms, the scared owl uttered his discordant note, and broke from the rustling bough, while a dim twinkling light beamed from a loop-hole near the summit of the great tower. Sir Gawen entered the keep, having previously reasoned himself into a state of cool fortitude, and bent up every power to the appalling enterprize, He extended his sword before him, for it was dark, and proceeded carefully to search around, in hopes either of discovering some aperture which might lead to the vestibule or stair-case, or of wrecking his vengeance on the wretch who had thus decoyed him. All was still as death, but as he walked over the floor, a dull hollow sound issued from beneath, which rendered him apprehensive of falling into some dismal vault, from which he might never be able to extricate himself. In this situation, dreading the

consequence of each footstep, a sound, as of many people whispering, struck his ear; he bent forward, listening with eager attention; and, as it seemed to proceed from a little distance before him, he determined to follow it: he made the attempt, but instantly fell through the mouldering pavement, while at the same time peals of horrid laughter again burst with reiterated clamour from every chamber of the castle. Sir Gawen arose with considerable difficulty, being much stunned by the fall, tho', fortunately, the spot he had dropped upon was covered with a quantity of damp and soft earth, which gave way to his weight. He now found himself in a large vault, arched in the Gothic manner, and supported by eight massy pillars, down whose sides the damp moisture ran in cold and heavy drops, the moon shining with great lustre through three iron grated windows, which, tho' rusty with age, were strong enough to resist the efforts of Sir Gawen, who, after having in vain tried to force them, looked around for his sword, which during the fall, had started from his grasp; and in searching the ground with his fingers, he laid hold of, and drew forth, the fresh bones of an enormous skeleton, yet greasy and moist from the decaying fibres. He trembled with horror: a cold wind brushed violently along the surface of the vault, and a ponderous iron door, slowly grating upon it's hinges, opened at one corner, and disclosed to the wandering eye of Sir Gawen a broken stair-case, down whose steps a blue and faint light flashed by fits, like the lightning of a summer's eve. Appalled by these dreadful prodigies, Sir Gawen felt, in spite of his resolutions, a cold and death-like chill pervade his frame, and kneeling down, he prayed fervently to that power, without

whose mandate no being is let loose upon another, and feeling himself more calm and resolved, he again began to search for his sword, when a moon-beam falling on the blade fortunately restored it to it's owner.

Sir Gawen, having thus resumed his wonted fortitude and resolution, held a parley with himself, and perceiving no other way by which he could escape, boldly resolved to brave all the terrors of the staircase; and, once more recommending himself to his maker, began to ascend, The light still flashed, enabling him to climb those parts which were broken or decayed. He had proceeded in this manner a considerable way, mounting, as he supposed, to the summit of the keep, when suddenly a shrill and agonizing shriek issued from the upper part of it and something rudely brushing down, grasped him with tremendous strength; in a moment he became motionless, cold as ice, and felt himself hurried back by some irresistible being; but just as he had reached the vault, a spectre of so dreadful a shape stalked by within it, that straining every muscle he sprang from the deadly grasp: the iron door vibrated in thunder upon it's hinges, and a deep hollow groan resounded from beneath. No sooner had the door closed, than yelling screams, and sounds which almost suspended the very pulse of life, issued from the vault, as if a troop of hellish furies, with their chains untied, were dashing them in writhing frenzy, and howling to the uproar. Sir Gawen stood petrified with horror; a stony fear ran to his heart, and benumbed every sense. He stared wild, his long locks stiffly upstood, and the throbbing of his heart oppressed him. The tumult at length subsiding, Sir Gawen recovered some portion of strength, which he immediately employed to

convey himself as far as possible from the iron door, and presently reached his former elevation on the stair-case, which after ascending a little further, terminated in a winding gallery. The light, which had hitherto flashed incessantly, now disappeared, and and he was left in almost total darkness, except that now and then the moon threw a few cool rays through some broken loopholes, heightening the horror of the scene. He dreaded going forward, and fearfully looked back, lest some yelling fiend should again plunge him into the vault. He stood suspended with apprehension: a mournful wind howled through the apartments of the castle, and listening, he thought he heard the iron door grate upon it's hinges; he started with terror, the sweat stood in drops upon his forehead, his knees smote each other, and he rushed forward in wild despair; till, having suddenly turned a corner of the gallery, a taper, burning with a faint light, gleamed through a narrow dark passage: Sir Gawen approached the light; it came from an extensive room, the folding-doors of which were wide open: he entered; a small taper in a massy silver candlestick stood upon a table in the middle, but the illumination was so inconsiderable, that one end was wrapped in palpable darkness, and the other slightly broken in upon by a dim light, which streamed through a large ramified window, covered with thick ivy. An armchair, shattered and damp with age, was placed near the table, and the remains of a recent fire were still visible in the grate. The wainscot, of black oak, had formerly been hung with tapestry, and several portions still clung to those parts which were near the fire; they possessed some vivacity of tint, and with much gilding yet apparent on the chimney-piece,

and several mouldering reliques of costly frames and paintings, gave indisputable evidence of the ancient grandeur of the place. Sir Gawen closed the folding-doors, and taking the taper, was about to survey the room, when a deep hollow groan from the dark end of it smote coldly upon his heart; at the same time the sound, as of something falling with a dead weight, echoed through the room. Sir Gawen replaced the taper; the flame was agitated, now quivering, sunk; now streaming, flamed aloft; and as the last pale portion died away, the scarcely distinguished form of some terrific being floated slowly by, and again another dreadful groan ran deepening through the gloom. Sir Gawen stood for some time incapable of motion; at length, summoning all his fortitude, he advanced, with his sword extended, to the darkest part of the room. Instantly burst forth in fierce irradiations a blue sulphureous splendor, and the mangled body of a man distorted in the agonies of death, his every fibre racked with convulsion, his beard and hair stiff and matted with blood, his mouth open, and his eyes protruding from their marble sockets, rushed on the fixed and maddening senses of Sir Gawen, whose heart had beat no more, had not a hiss as of ten thousand fiends, loud and horrible, roused him from the dreadful scene; he started, uttering a wild shriek, his brain turned round, and running he knew not whither, burst through the folding-doors. Darkness again spread her sable pall over the unfortunate Sir Gawen, and he hurried along the narrow passage with a feeble and a faltering step. His intellect shook, and, overwhelmed with the late appalling objects, had not yet recovered any degree of recollection, and he wandered as in a dream, a confused train of

horrible ideas passing unconnected through his mind: at length, however, memory resumed her function, resumed it but to daunt him with harrowing suggestions; the direful horrors of the room behind, and of the vault below, were still present to his eyes, and as a man whom hellish fiends had frightened, he stood trembling, pale, and staring wild. All was now silent and dark, and he determined to wait in this spot the dawn of day, but a few minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the iron door, screaming on it's hinges, bellowed through the murmuring ruin. Sir Gawen nearly fainted at the sound, which, pausing for a while, again swelled upon the wind, and at last died away in shrill melancholy shrieks. Again all was silent, and again the same fearful noise struck terror to his soul. While his mind was thus agitated with horror and apprehension, a dim light streaming from behind, accompanied with a soft, quick, and hollow tread, convinced Sir Gawen that something was pursuing him, and struck with wildering fear, he rushed unconscious down the steps; the vault received him, and it's portals swinging to their close, sounded as the sentence of death. A dun fœtid smoke filled the place, in the centre of which arose a faint and bickering flame. Sir Gawen approached, and beheld a corse suspended over it by the neck; it's fat dropped, and the flame, flashing through the vault, gleamed on a throng of hideous and ghastly features, that now came forward through the smoke. Sir Gawen, with the desperate valour of a man, who sees destruction before him, ran furious forward; an universal shriek burst forth; the corse dropped into the fire, which, rising with tenfold brilliance, placed full in view the dreadful form of his infernal guide, dilated into horror itself; her face was

pale as death, her eyes were wide open, dead, and fixed; a horrible grin sat upon her features; her lips, black and half putrid, were drawn back, disclosing a set of large blue teeth; and her hair, standing stiffly erect, was of a withered red. Sir Gawen felt his blood freeze within him, his limbs forgot to move; the face, enlarging as it came, drew near, and swooning, he fell forward on the ground. Slow passed the vital fluid through the bosom of Sir Gawen, scarcely did the heart vibrate to it's impulse; on his pallid forehead sat a chilly sweat, and frequent spasms shook his limbs: but, at length, returning warmth gave some vigour to his frame; the energy of life became more diffused; a soothing languor stole upon him; and, on opening his eyes, rushed neither the images of death nor the rites of witchcraft; but the soft, the sweet, and tranquil scenery of a summer's moonlight night. Enraptured with this sudden and unexpected change, Sir Gawen rose gently from off the ground; over his head towered a large and majestic oak, at whose foot, by some kind and compassionate being, he concluded he had been laid. Delight and gratitude dilated his heart, and advancing from beneath the tree, whose gigantic branches spread a large extent of shade, a vale, beautiful and romantic, through which ran a clear and deep stream, came full in view: he walked to the edge of the water, the moon shone with mellow lustre on it's surface, and it's banks, fringed with shrubs, breathed a perfume more delicate than the odours of the East. On one side, the ground, covered with a vivid, soft, and downy verdure, stretched for a considerable extent to the borders of a large forest, which, sweeping round, finally closed up the valley; on the other, it was broken into abrupt

and rocky masses swarded with moss, and from whose clifts grew thick and spreading trees, the roots of which, washed by many a fall of water, hung bare and matted from their craggy beds. In this delicious vale Sir Gawen forgot all his former sufferings, and giving up his mind to the pleasing influence of curiosity and wonder, he determined to explore the place by tracing the windings of the stream. Scarcely had he entered upon this plain, when music of the most ravishing sweetness filled the air; sometimes it seemed to float along the valley, sometimes it stole along the surface of the water; now it died away among the woods, and now, with deep and mellow symphony, it swelled upon the gale. Fixed in astonishment, Sir Gawen scarcely ventured to breathe; every sense, save that of hearing, seemed absorbed; and when the last faint warblings melted on his ear, he started from the spot, solicitous to know from what being those more than human strains had parted; but nothing appeared in view; the moon, full and unclouded, shone with unusual lustre, the white rocks glittering in her beam; and, filled with hope, he again pursued the windings of the water, which, conducting him to the narrowest part of the valley, continued their course through the wood. Sir Gawen entered by a path smooth, but narrow and perplexed, where, altho' it's branches were so numerous that no preference could be given, or any direct route long persisted in, yet every turn presented something to amuse, something to sharpen the edge of research. The beauty of the trees, through whose interstices the moon gleamed in the most picturesque manner, the glimpses of the water, and the notes of the nightingale, who now began to fill the valley with her song,

were more than sufficient to take off the sense of fatigue, and he wandered on, still eager to explore, still panting for further discovery. The wood now became more thick and obscure, and at length almost dark, when the path taking suddenly an oblique direction, Sir Gawen found himself on the edge of a circular lawn, whose tint and softness were beyond compare, and which seemed to have been lightly brushed by fairy feet. A number of fine old trees, around whose boles crept the ivy and the woodbine, rose at irregular distances; here they mingled into groves, and there, separate and emulous of each other, they shook their airy summits in disdain. The water, which had been for some time concealed, now murmured through a thousand beds, and visiting each little flower, added vigour to it's vegetation and poignancy to it's fragrance. Along the edges of the wood and beneath the shadows of the trees, an innumerable host of glow-worms lighted their innocuous fires, lustrous as the gems of Golconda; and Sir Gawen, desirous yet longer to enjoy the scene, went forward with light footsteps on the lawn: all was calm, and except the breeze of night, which sighed soft and sweetly through the world of leaves, a perfect silence prevailed. Not many minutes, however, had elapsed, before the same enchanting music, to which he had listened with so much rapture in the vale, again arrested his ear, and presently he discovered on the border of the lawn, just rising above the wood, and floating on the bosom of the air, a being of the most delicate form: from his shoulders streamed a tunic of the tenderest blue, his wings and feet were clothed in downy silver, and in his grasp he had a wand, white as the mountain snow. He rose swiftly

in the air, the lunar rays caused his brilliance to be excessive, his song echoed through the vault of night, but having quickly diminished to the size and appearance of the evening star, it died away, and the next moment was lost in ether. Sir Gawen still fixed his eye on that part of the heavens where the vision had disappeared, and shortly had the pleasure of again seeing the star-like radiance, which in an instant unfolded itself into the full and fine dimensions of the beauteous being, who, having collected dew from the cold vales of Saturn, now descended rapidly towards the earth, and waving his wand as he passed athwart the clouds, a number of like form and garb flew around him, and all alighting on the lawn, separated at equal distances on it's circumference, and then shaking their wings, which spread a perfume through the air, burst into one general song. Sir Gawen, who, apprehensive of being discovered, had retreated within the shadow of some mossy oaks, now waited with eager expectation the event of so singular a scene. In a few moments a bevy of elegant nymphs, dancing two by two, issued from the wood on the right, and an equal number of warlike knights, accompanied by a band of minstrels, from that of the left. The knights were clothed in green; on their bosoms shone plates of burnished steel, and, in their hands they grasped golden targes and lances of beamy lustre. The nymphs, whose form and symmetry were far beyond what poets dream, were dressed in robes of white, their zones were azure dropped with diamonds, and their light brown hair, decked with roses, hung in ample ringlets. So quick, so light, and airy were their motions, that the turf, the flowers, shrunk not to the gentle pressure; and each, smiling on her favour-

ite knight, he flung his brilliant arms aside and mingled in the dance. While they thus flew in rapid measures over the lawn, Sir Gawen, forgetting his situation, and impatient to salute the assembly, involuntarily stept forward, and instantaneously a shrill and hollow gust of wind murmured through the woods, the moon dipt into a cloud, and the knights, the dames, and aërial spirits, vanished from the view, leaving the amazed Sir Gawen to repent at leisure of his precipitate intrusion; scarcely, however, had he time to determine what plan he should pursue, when a gleam of light flashed suddenly along the horizon, and the beauteous being whom he first beheld in the air, stood before him; he waved his snowy wand, and pointing to the wood, which now appeared sparkling with a thousand fires, moved gently on. Sir Gawen felt an irresistible impulse which compelled him to follow, and having penetrated the wood, he perceived many bright rays of light, which, darting like the beams of the sun through every part of it, most beautifully illumined the shafts of the trees. As they advanced forwards, the radiance became more intense and converged towards a centre; and the fairy being, turning quickly round, commanded Sir Gawen to kneel down, and having squeezed the juice of an herb into his eyes, bade him now proceed; but that no mortal eye, unless it's powers of vision were increased, could endure the glory that would shortly burst upon them. Scarcely had he uttered these words, when they entered an amphitheatre; in it's centre was a throne of ivory inlaid with sapphires, on which sat a female form of exquisite beauty, a plain coronet of gold obliquely crossed her flowing hair, and her robe of white satin hung negligent

in ample folds. Around her stood five and twenty nymphs clothed in white and gold, holding lighted tapers; beyond these were fifty of the aërial beings, their wings of downy silver stretched for flight, and each a burning taper in his hand; and lastly, on the circumference of the amphitheatre shone one hundred knights in mail of tempered steel; in one hand they shook aloft a targe of massy diamond, and in the other flashed a taper. So excessive was the reflection, that the targes had the lustre of an hundred suns, and, when shaken, sent forth streams of vivid lightning; from the gold, the silver, and the sapphires rushed a flood of tinted light, that, mingling, threw upon the eye a series of revolving hues. Sir Gawen, impressed with awe, with wonder, and delight, fell prostrate on the ground, while the fairy spirit advancing, knelt, and presented to the queen a chrystal vase. She rose, she waved her hand, and smiling, bade Sir Gawen to approach. 'Gentle stranger,' she exclaimed, 'let not fear appal thine heart, for to him whom courage, truth, and piety have distinguished, our friendship and our love is given. Spirits of the blest we are, our sweet employment to befriend the wretched and the weary, to lull the torture of anguish and the horror of despair. Ah! never shall the tear of innocence, the plaint of sorrow, the pang of injured merit, or the sigh of hopeless love, implore our aid in vain. Upon the moon-beam do we float, and, light as air, pervade the habitations of men: and hearken, O favoured mortal! I tell thee, spirits freed from vice, are present to thy inmost thoughts; when terror and when madness, when spectres and when death surrounded thee, our influence put to flight the ministers of darkness;

we placed thee in the moonlight vale, and now, upon thy head I pour the planetary dew; from Hecate's dread agents it will free thee, from wildering fear and gloomy superstition.' She ended, and Sir Gawen, impatient to express his gratitude, was about to speak, when suddenly the light turned pale and died away, the spirits fled, and music, soft and sweet, was heard remotely in the air. Sir Gawen started, and instead of a refulgent scene of magic, he beheld a public road, his horse cropping the grass which grew upon it's edge, and a village at a little distance, on whose spire the rising sun had shed his earliest beams.

"The Speculator."

EDWIN.

Edwin tended his father's flock on the bleak mountains of Scotia. Tho' illiterate and unpolished, his morals were not corrupted, nor his disposition depraved. Tho' he delighted in benevolent actions, he was insensible to the beauty of benevolence; and tho' he pursued the paths of virtue, he knew not that they led to felicity. His countenance indicated his innocence and sincerity, and prepossessed all in his favour. With a lively and picturesque imagination, he loved to enthusiasm, the rude scenes of uncultivated nature; and, as he wandered over the moun-

tains, would sit down on an inviting spot, climb to the edge of the precipice, or trace the torrent by it's sound. In one of his rambles he descended into a craggy dell, in which nature reigned in all her wild magnificence. A glade of scattered oaks rose suddenly on each side the summits of the mountains, on which the evening clouds reposed; and directly in front intervened a noble cavern, which diffused a melancholy gloom on the surrounding objects. Immense fragments suspended from the roof, threatened those who should presume to enter, with instant destruction; and from it's mouth rushed a rapid torrent, which, dashing from cliff to cliff, thundered down the vale in a continued cataract. The moon shone faintly, and her trembling beams quivered on the waves of the river. Captivated with the grandeur of the cavern, Edwin, in the elation of his heart, resolved to explore it's gloomy recesses. As he entered, the fragments, which hung in air, trembled over his head, and he had not advanced many paces when one of them fell down with a tremendous sound, and entirely obstructed the passage. To return was now impracticable. Every suggestion which horror could inspire rushed into his mind. He endeavoured to climb the crag, but the prominencies of it's summit frustrated all his attempts. After some hesitation he proceeded. In proportion as he advanced, the light diminished, and the rock assumed a deeper shade. The roof at length descended so low, and the passages became so rugged and craggy, that he was obliged to clamber with his hands and knees. It was intensely dark; and the drops which perpetually distilled from the roof rendered the rocks extremely slippery; and the river which roared with resistless im-

petuosity beside him, incessantly reminded him by it's sound, of his imminent danger. It at last opened into a lofty vault. Descending by a gentle declivity, and groping with his crook, he soon arrived at the foot of the rock, from beneath which the river immerged, and which apparently precluded all further passage. Edwin threw himself on the ground in dispair. Exhausted with fatigue, and confused in his ideas, he presently fell asleep; a being of the most terrific form that a fertile imagination, impressed with horror, can conceive, seemed to rise out of the water below, and was just preparing to terminate his existence, when a clap of thunder shook the cavern, and every cavity in the rock reverberated the sound.

Edwin started up in an agony of terror. His tears were suspended by wonder. Falling on his knees, he clasped his little hands, bleeding with the roughness of the rock, and uttered a fervent ejaculation; for nature suggests to the unenlightened mind the idea of a divine intelligence; when happening to cast his eye on the water, he observed the reflection of a pale blue light which issued through a cleft in the rock; a faint beam of hope now darted into his mind. Some pious anchorite, who had chosen this cell for his final residence, might have just lighted his lamp: some minstrel, who had retired hither for shelter from the storm, might have just kindled a few faggots to defend himself from the severity of the cold. Tho' the aperture was high, Edwin climbed up by the aid of a protuberance of the rock, when looking through he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women; with wide and solemn steps they stalked in procession round a blazing caldron, and threw in the ingredients for the preparation of their magic charms. In

a few moments they stopped: on which one of them, who appeared considerably the tallest, advanced from among the rest, and, muttering a few words, drew a circle upon the ground with her wand, and instantly rose the shade of a venerable chieftian. His left arm sustained a target, in the midst of which a lance was fixed; a plume of feathers nodded in his bonnet, and a claymore hung by his side. Looking round with a menacing frown, he was proceeding to speak; when lo! a gust of smoke involved the flame; it was a signal that some virtuous eye beheld their infernal incantations; all wavered their wands, the spectre and the caldron sunk into the ground, and they vanished with a peal of thunder. Edwin trembled in every nerve: he doubted whether he had not been deceived by the illusions of fancy; and he had scarcely strength sufficient to preserve himself from falling. At length, when the passions which agitated his breast had subsided, he recollected seeing a passage on the opposite side, tho' his attention had at the time been too much engaged by other objects to permit him to observe it. Animated by this thought, he passed through the aperture. As he entered the cell, which had just been the scene of inchantment; as he descended to the ground that superior beings had just been treading; he stepped back and shuddered. Recovering, however, presently from his emotion, he approached the rock with his arms extended, and soon found a narrow passage, the entrance of which was fortified with large fragments of stone. Over this, with a few efforts, he climbed; but he had not gone far when he saw a light, and, running to the opening, he beheld a prospect of such magnificence and extent, that he was at first obliged to turn aside

his eyes. The sun, appeared rising in all it's glory; and the mists, which hung on the tops of the surrounding hills, were breaking and dispersing. Below shone a vast lough, stretching as far as the eye could reach, and reflecting rocks, woods, and the inverted summits of mountains.

Universal Magazine.

CONTENTS.

Sir Bertrand, - - - - page 3
Sir Gawen, - - - - - - - 8
Edwin, - - - - - - - - 24

G. Nicholson, Poughnill.

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